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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN LANGHORNE.

VOL. II.

Et vos, O Lauri, carpam; et te, proxima Myrte!
Sic positæ, quoniam suaves miscetis odores. VIRG.

LONDON:
Printed for T. BECKET and P. A. DE HONDT,
near Surry-Street, in the Strand.
MDCCLXVI.

PR
3539
L3A17
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THE

FATAL PROPHECY.

A

DRAMATIC POEM.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLXV.

CHARACTERS.

VALDEMAR	KING of NORWAY.
CANUTE	KING of DENMARK.
ASMOND	PRINCE of DENMARK.
LOTHER	SON of ASMOND.
OSTAN, BERINO	DANISH CHIEFS.
LENA	QUEEN of NORWAY.
AVILDA	PRINCESS of DENMARK.

Heralds, Officers, Soldiers, &c.

THE FATAL PROPHECY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

An Apartment in Canute's Palace.

CANUTE.

"LET the ſword ſleep, and the grim-viſag'd war
" In iron bondage reſt"—ſo clos'd the ſtrain
That told my triumphs o'er the vanquiſh'd hoſt
Of ERIC—But the martial ſtar, that rules
The fate of DENMARK's Kings, to glorious toil
Devotes their lives, and bids them cloſe in blood.

—Then, farewell peace! Farewell the flattering wiſh,
That Nature, wearied with the weight of years,
Indulges for repoſe! Theſe ſilver hairs
So thinn'd, ſo whiten'd by the ſtealth of time,
Shall the hard helmet bruiſe, and this old arm
Suſtain the ſhield once more—was this the cauſe?
Was it, preſuming on my feebler age,
That Norway's haughty Monarch durſt invade
The realm of Denmark?—By my ſword, the thought
New-nerves each ſhatter'd limb——Forth from thy ſheath,
Friend of my glory!—one taſk more remains,
Which well perform'd, together we'll repoſe,
Companions in the grave.

SCENE II.

CANUTE, ASMOND.

CANUTE.

Son of my youth!
Say, Aſmond, has the bold invader own'd
That,

That, envious of thy father's fame, he comes
With great ambition to ſubdue Canute?
To mock the efforts of his feebler arm,
And tear the laurels from his aged brow?

ASMOND.

As yet the cauſe of VALDEMAR's deſcent
Is not proclaim'd—but, if report be true,
He comes not, mov'd by envy, or contempt,
Or wild ambition—Vengeance is his motive
For injur'd honour.

CANUTE.

Forty years are fled
Since from his father's vanquiſh'd arm I won
The ſpoils of Arvor.

ASMOND.

'Tis a recent cauſe,
When crown'd with victory on the plains of Lemor,

The feaſt of triumph thro' theſe ſplendid halls
Proclaim'd your high ſucceſs—Each warriour chief
That ſhar'd the toils of battle and the praiſe,
Was then by name invited to partake
The honours of your board—ſave only two——
The friends alone had not your royal ſummons.

CANUTE.

Whom calleſt thou the friends?

ASMOND.

Known by that name
Are Oſtan and Berino; Nature's twins;
To whom one heart ſhe gave, one valiant heart,
Generous and faithful—Side by ſide they fought
On Lemor's plain; each ſtudious to divert
The ſtroke directed at his dearer friend,
More than to ſhield his own brave breaſt from harm.

CANUTE.

CANUTE.

Such virtues we admire; nor were the friends
Rejected, but forgot.

ASMOND.

The ſeeming ſlight
Stung to the ſoul of honour——Patriot love,
And fair allegiance by the wound expir'd.
Raſhly to Norway's hoſtile ſhores they fled,
And bow'd, tho' born in Denmark, meanly bow'd
To Valdemar your foe.

CANUTE.

Low-thoughted traitors!
But is it then by their perſuaſions mov'd
That Valdemar preſumes t' invade my realm,
And hopes he with two fugitives of mine
To conquer me and Denmark?

ASMOND.

Fame has told
A different tale——Returning from the chace,
When firſt young Oſtan came to Norway's queen,
And graceful threw his trophies at her feet,
Love, which is Nature's ſympathy, and acts
Uninfluenc'd by reaſon, ſudden ſeiz'd
The beauteous Lena——Inſtantly they fled
From Norway's realm to Denmark—and the fleet
Moor'd on our ſtormy coaſts, purſued the lovers.

CANUTE.

Was this the cauſe? Then why not ſuch proclaim'd
By the firſt herald that approach'd our ſhores?
We yield no refuge to the faithleſs wife,
Or gueſt ungrateful—Love, wherever plac'd
With innocence, might juſtly claim protection,

And

And Denmark's ſons expect it from their king,
Tho' worlds were in the way. But, Aſmond, here,
Tho' thou, methinks, wouldſt ſmooth a guilty paſſion,
And found the cauſe in nature—Juſtice claims
That here no ſword be lifted but her own.

ASMOND.

Whate'er your royal wiſdom ſhall determine,
'Tis always mine t' approve; for duty thus
Is wiſdom: but, alas! when careleſs years,
Elate with wild feſtivity of heart,
Fly in full chace of pleaſure, hard the taſk
To ſtop the mad purſuit! Eager of ſoul,
Impetuous, and impatient of reſtraint,
With paſſions uncontroul'd, and chuſing ſtill
What wears the face of danger—Oftan brooks not
Reflection's ſilent thought, nor hears the voice
Of cool, deciding reaſon——yet he boaſts

Virtues

Virtues that might his ſlighter foibles veil.
The generous heart is his ; the living glow
Of ſoul-uniting friendſhip; ſcorning fear,
And all that's low, or little, the ſublime,
Unconquer'd mind.

CANUTE.

A character like this
Becomes a man of Denmark.

ASMOND.

Not leſs brave,
Nor to his friend leſs faithful is Berino.
But, temper'd mild, his equal virtues ſhine
With ſteadier light, nor fully their fair flame
With deeds of indiſcretion. Led by friendſhip
More than reſentment, probably, he fled
To Norway's court, and now reſolves to ſhare

In

In Oſtan's fortunes, while he diſapproves
His conduct.

CANUTE.

Virtues ſuch as theſe may veil
Inferior faults; but where the public love
Is loſt in private, friendſhip is a crime.

ASMOND.

The tongue of Aſmond ſhall not plead for crimes.
But where a brave man's character is weigh'd,
Humanity would drop into the ſcale
Each circumſtance of favour.

CANUTE.

Soon his bravery,
Or innocence, or both ſhall have their trial.
Is LOTHER yet return'd?

ASMOND.

With every moment,
Such his young ardour for the works of war,
I now expect him——had he not your orders
To learn the cause of Valdemar's descent,
And mark the motions of his host?

CANUTE.

Such orders
He had from me——Delay not his report.

SCENE III.

ASMOND.

O wreaths of glory, won so oft, and worn
By the cold brows of Death!—How many sons
Have Denmark's ravag'd hills, and vales, bedew'd
With her own blood, bewail'd——Oft on her moors,

Marking

Marking the dim ſtone near the Warrior's grave,
E'en the hard hunter ſtops, and from his eye
Slow ſteals the ſtranger tear. The virgin ſad
Roves by the pale moon o'er the lonely heath,
And, every fear forgot in ſtrong deſpair,
Mourns o'er the turf where the dear relics lie
Of blaſted hope and love——On Lemor's ſhores
What numbers fell! and ſhall theſe ravag'd hills,
Theſe vales bedew'd with blood, once more bewail
Their brave inhabitants? Shall Aſmond live
To mourn his future ſubjects? Painful thought!
My aged father!——Shall the brave Canute,
Now, all but trembling with the weight of years,
Thoſe years forgetting, meet th' impetuous foe,
And bare his gray head to the hoſtile dart?
Shall Lother——at that name the parent bleeds,——
Ere time has ſtrengthen'd his unſinew'd arm,

Pour

Pour his young life upon the deathful plain,
And blaſt the hopes of Denmark?——

SCENE IV.

ASMOND, LOTHER.

ASMOND.

Looks of joy!
Then, Lother, is the fierce invader fled?
Has he, more wiſe, withdrawn his hoſtile fleet,
And ſought the rocks of Norway?

LOTHER.

Swift as winds,
His gleamy cars dart o'er the trembling plain,
And his dark ſquadrons hide an hundred hills.
From ſhield to ſhield the ſcatter'd ſun beams dance,
Trembling in dreadful glory——O my father!

A conqueſt here is worthy the ambition
Even of thoſe valiant breaſts that oft have conquer'd,
E'en of the ſons of Denmark—Let me ſhare
In the rich honours of that glorious day,
Which drowns yon hoſt in blood, and at your feet
Thus gratitude ſhall fall.

ASMOND.

Lother, no more!
If Denmark's king ſhall doom that unbrac'd arm
Again to ache beneath the ponderous ſhield,
And tempt the rage of war, we know our duty;
Yet name it not, I charge thee, nor ſollicit,
What well thou know'ſt, too prodigal of life,
Thy prince would ſcarce refuſe; but haſt thou learnt
The real cauſe that brings theſe ravagers
On Denmark's war-worn coaſts?

LOTHER.

LOTHER.

Report for once
Has brought a tale of truth. The brave Berino
(For Lemor's blood-ſtain'd heath has known him brave)
Wand'ring I met along the midway hills,
Penſive, as one that courted ſolitude
To cheriſh painful thought. A manly ſorrow
Sate on his noble aſpect——when he rais'd
His drooping eye to me, like one he ſeem'd,
Whom generous ſhame could wound, unknown to fear.
With friendly words I hail'd him, and aſſur'd
His valour and his virtues ſtill were dear
To Denmark's princes, though his raſh revolt
Might rouſe their juſt reſentment———

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

Still remember
To treat diſtreſs with ſuch humanity;
For oft it is the lot of noble natures,
Tho' raſhneſs were it's cauſe. What did he tell thee
Concerning this invaſion?

LOTHER.

" Mark," he cried,
" The waving enſigns of yon hoſtile camp!
" There read Berino's anguiſh and diſgrace.
" For Norway's Queen, a fugitive of love,
" With my too daring Oſtan, thoſe dark hoſts
" Invade my country; prince, I bluſh to ſeem
" Aſſociate in a cauſe like this, but friendſhip
" Still holds my heart to Oſtan, nor in death
" Will I deſert him."

ASMOND.

O diſtinguiſh'd honour!
Exalted ſentiments, whate'er their object!
Lother, we muſt not ſuffer this brave youth
To fall devoted in the threaten'd ruin,
A ſacrifice to friendſhip—But the king
Expects each moment thy return; inform him
Of what thou know'ſt minutely, nor forget
One circumſtance in favour of Berino———

[*Exit* Lother.

Avilda! ah! another grief! But love,———

SCENE V.

ASMOND, AVILDA.

AVILDA.

Didſt thou not name Berino? Yet that ſound
Thrills on mine ear—Didſt thou not name Berino?

ASMOND

ASMOND.

Love has no temples in the field of war,
And every weaker paſſion muſt give way
To Denmark's ſafety.

AVILDA.

Aſmond, too, unkind?
Then am I loſt indeed; yet tell me, prince,
My once moſt tender brother, tell Avilda
If ſhe has yet one anxious hour to live,
Or is her dear Berino now condemn'd
To ſuffer for th' enormous crime of friendſhip?

ASMOND.

You wrong my tenderneſs if you ſuppoſe
I would not ſtretch my utmoſt power to ſave him—
That fault of friendſhip yet may render vain
My beſt endeavours—ſtill attach'd to Oſtan,

If with determin'd ardour he purſues
His dangerous fortunes.

AVILDA.

Aſmond, from one ſource
The ſtream of life we drew—fed from one breaſt,
By one affection cheriſh'd—If that love,
That tendereſt love, which melts in ſiſters hearts,
E'er touch'd thy boſom, ſave the gallant youth,
From his own virtues ſave him; if his friendſhip
Would urge him to deſtruction.

ASMOND.

Has my conduct
Made ſuch intreaties needful?

AVILDA.

Ever kind!
Forgive, once more, the vain ſollicitudes

Of female fear and love—when the firſt ſigh
Stole from my breaſt unconſcious; when the tear
Sprung ſudden at the tender thought; the bluſh
Unbidden glowing; when the lonely walk
At eve's late hour withdrew me from the palace,
In luxury of ſolitude, you mark'd
This change of conduct with a brother's eye,
Nor let the ſweet diſtraction prey unknown
In ſilence on my heart—For ever faithful,
You kept th' important ſecret of my ſoul
E'en from the object of my love, and promis'd,
When Denmark's crown ſhould reſt on Aſmond's head,
Each wiſh ſhould be accompliſh'd—what I've ſuffer'd
From Oſtan's raſh revolt, what now I ſuffer
From all it's dire effects, th' uncertain fate
Of deſolating war, and the firm juſtice
Of our indignant father, Aſmond, judge,
And then forgive my weakneſs.

ASMOND.

Love oft ſtrengthens
A woman's courage, heightens oft her fears,
Gives to the fearful an unwonted boldneſs,
The bold unwonted fear. Tho' timorous now,
Avilda oft has prov'd in fortitude
The daughter of Canute——Her infant heart
Beat to the trumpet's clangor——and her eye
With pleaſure glanc'd to meet the ſhining faulchion.
Oft has her hand the temper'd cuiraſs bound
On her brave father's breaſt——Oft has ſhe beg'd
At diſtance but to mark his glorious toil,
And panted to purſue him thro' his dangers.

AVILDA.

Kind as thou art, why wouldſt thou, prince, recall
Paſt days of happineſs, when my free breaſt

Knew

Knew no wild paſſions, felt no anxious fears,
Save for a father's, or a brother's ſafety?

ASMOND.

Far happier had that kind anxiety
To Lemor's heath ne'er led thee!——yet if there
Thy virgin heart firſt yielded to the ſtroke
Of all-ſubduing love——well haſt thou won
The pity of that brother, on whoſe dangers
Thy dear affection drew thee to attend.

AVILDA.

O day! to memory painful ſtill and dear!
When glowing from the recent toils of war,
His bright locks ſcatter'd o'er his ardent cheek,
Careleſs—and Victory dancing in his eye,
Berino caught my ſoul—a wounded friend
Hung feebly on his arm, on whom he look'd
With inexpreſſive tenderneſs——

ASMOND.

That friend
Was Oſtan—Thro' the battle's bleeding van
By headlong valour led, cover'd with wounds,
Beſet with foes, and the laſt ſtroke of death
From every hand impending, the brave youth
Flew to his reſcue, and in triumph led him
Tho' weak, to ſafety; thus he prov'd his friendſhip,
And thus he won thy love.

AVILDA.

O love hard-fated!
O friendſhip ill-repaid! Is this the meed?
Is this the grateful recompence of life
That Oſtan gives his friend? Thus to involve him
In all the evils that his own raſh conduct
Has drawn upon him!

ASMOND.

To avert thoſe evils
Is my immediate care—And thou, Avilda,
Encourage gentle hope; of which one ray
For love's quick eye ſuffices. Denmark's ſafety
Our firſt attention claims—yet reſt aſſur'd,
The object of a ſiſter's happineſs
Aſmond can ne'er forget.

SCENE VI.

AVILDA.

May all the powers
That watch o'er Denmark make thee more ſucceſsful
Than my heart bodes—And—O thou Spirit that rul'ſt
The ſtar whoſe bright urn ſheds his golden light
O'er evening's azure veil; thou ſpirit of Love,
That pour'ſt ſoft anguiſh into mortal hearts,
The painful tenderneſs, the ſweet deſtruction

Of

Of peace and dear indifference; gentle ſpirit,
If ever Pity at thy roſy ſhrine,
Prefer'd one tender vow; if ever Hope,
By thee inſpir'd, not propheſied in vain;
Indulge the fond wiſh of one ſuppliant maid,
And ſave, O ſave———

SCENE VII.

AVILDA, BERINO.

AVILDA.

Audacious chief, who art thou?
That thus intrudeſt on the ſolitude
Of Denmark's Princeſs———

BERINO.

May I hope for pardon?
Illuſtrious daughter of the brave Canute,
You ſee no bold intruder, but a ſuppliant.

I came

I came a ſuppliant to the Prince of Denmark,
And, miſdirected, hop'd to find him here.

AVILDA.

Wherefore a ſuppliant? Haſt thou then a crime?

BERINO.

I cannot boaſt of innocence, but hope,
For this offence, that I retire forgiven.

AVILDA.

Stay, youth; perhaps my intereſt with my brother
May not be uſeleſs; and, methinks, that look
Ingenuous ſpeaks a ſoul incapable
Of crimes beyond th' extent of royal grace.

BERINO.

O princeſs, more than worthy the fair fame
That all the North's extended regions fills

With

With your diſtinguiſh'd virtues! fruitleſs here
Were all your generous efforts to aſſiſt
A wretch who courts the tardy hand of juſtice
To ſave him from the anguiſh of remorſe,
And end a painful being—Know, I am
Berino,——needs there more?

AVILDA *(aſide)*

Too well I know it!———
Oh! hold, my heart, thy purpoſe—But what here,
What ſhall I ſay, or do?—Direct me Heaven!

BERINO.

O Chief of Denmark! O diſgrac'd Berino!
How fall'n from thy fair honours! At thy name
The cheek of virtue reddens, and the eye
Of innocence with pity, or contempt,
Or both, beholds thee.

AVILDA.

Youth, miſtake me not,

I know

I know not anger, if I know contempt,
'Tis for abandon'd and unbluſhing guilt.
That, ſurely, is not thine——I am no ſtranger
To the ſad ſtory of that joyleſs look,
And that dejected eye: I am no ſtranger
To the firm friendſhip which you bear to Oſtan,
It's glorious cauſe, or it's effects leſs glorious.
Yet pity, ſurely, is at leaſt your due;
And pity—was th' emotion that I felt
For you and for your fortunes.

BERINO.

Generous princeſs!
How ill, alas! I've merited this goodneſs,
Yon hoſt-clad hills in threatening pomp proclaim
Loud thro' the realm of Denmark—an aſſociate
In Oſtan's flight I was—His friend I am,
Nor even in Death will I deſert him—Juſtice

To

To an offended Prince, the law of nations,
Perhaps even Denmark's safety may demand
One victim here——That victim let me fall——
A Chief of Denmark given to his revenge
May Norway's Prince appease, and the rich blood
That pours a warm tide to each Patriot breast,
It's azure urns retain.

AVILDA.

Mistaken Chief!
Too prodigal of life! 'Twere vain to think
That Norway's Monarch would accept a victim
To favour *his* escape who wounds his honour,
And violates his love——'Twere vain to hope
That Denmark's King would doom the innocent
And give the guilty freedom——Chief—yet more!
Thy country may demand an arm like thine,
Approv'd in valour—would'st thou, then, redeem

Her

Her alienated love? would'ſt thou repair
The injuries thy daring friend has done her,
Live for her ſervice and her ſafety——Thus,
And on theſe terms alone may'ſt thou expect
My royal father's, or my brother's favour——
That favour now I haſten to ſolicit,
And may the Gods that ſmile on Denmark guard thee!

ACT II.

SCENE I.

A Cottage in a mountainous Deſart.

LENA.

DEAR, horrid hours of unpermitted joy!
What anxious moments does the woman paſs,
Who riots in the arms of lawleſs love!
But ah! when Danger's threatening form invades
The ſcene of ſtolen happineſs; tho' dearer,
Tho' then more exquiſite the theft of bliſs,
Sure miſery is behind——Perhaps, e'en now
The troops of Norway range o'er theſe wild hills
To ſeek their low-fall'n queen——with inſolence,
With all th' unmanner'd rage of vulgar power

They treat her name, and tread on her loſt honour.
Perhaps e'en now—ſurrounding this poor cottage,
They meditate with rude hands unreſtrain'd
By royalty, or awe of greatneſs loſt,
To drag me to their injur'd king——oh! horror!
More than ten thouſand deaths is in the thought.
Hah! heard I not the ſound of haſty ſteps?
—No! all is ſilent—Peace, thou buſy ſprite,
Life-chilling Fear, that, acting ſtill the friend,
Art in thyſelf a traitor——Thee the heart
Admits it's guardian——wrapt in thy embrace,
Thy cold embrace, it dies—and wakeful Prudence,
That watches thy alarm, oppreſs'd by thee,
Confus'd, defenceleſs, droops——O foe to Love!
Yet, ever in his train; with cruel ſkill

Prompting the anxious thought! pale ſprite, away!
For lo! he comes, who never felt thy power.

SCENE II.

LENA, OSTAN.

OSTAN.

O pride of Norway! fairer than the dawn,
That o'er your ſnow-bright mountains breaks away
In pure, unſpotted glory — Queen of charms,
Tho' Norway's queen no more; the nobler empire
Of love, and beauty thine, why broods pale Fear
Upon thy damaſk cheek? That beaming eye,
In whoſe ſoft rays a thouſand graces play;
Why is it clouded?

LENA.

Doſt thou aſk the cauſe?
When haply round theſe wild and deſert hills,

With

With ſteps unwearied, and vindictive ſearch,
Range the dark hoſts of Norway———

OSTAN.

Vain that fear———
The toilſome circuit of theſe mountainous heights,
And all the ragged vales that ſtretch away
In horror from their ſides, have I explor'd,
Nor ſeen one human form, ſave at his chace
The low-born peaſant———

LENA.

Such a viſitant,
In Oſtan's abſence, would not be leſs dreadful
Than a whole hoſt of foes.

OSTAN.

Vain too that fear!
If at the ſight of beauty tamely bend

The ſhaggy lion, ſhall a human monſter
Indulge a thought of outrage?

LENA.

Chief of Denmark!
Thou, only thou canſt charm my buſy fears,
And ſooth to reſt the heaving heart of care,
With thy enchanting preſence—O belov'd!
And dearer ſtill in danger! Do not leave me!
Forſake me not, my Oſtan! ſince for thee,
I've left my royal honours, left my kingdom,
And every friend that fortune, or alliance
Had given me there, have forfeited for thee.

OSTAN.

Spirits of Denmark! canſt thou fear ſuch meanneſs?
Now by thoſe air-born beings that preſide
O'er theſe wild rocks, and ride yon waving clouds,

Should Valdemar exhauſt his icy realms
Of her rude-handed ſons, 'till not one ſlave
Were ſeen on all her ſolitary hills———
Should he——ſurrounded with his iron-race,
Inveſt this bough-built ſhed, he ſhould not tear thee
From my incloſing arms———

LENA.

Forgive me, Oſtan!
I know thee valiant, and believe thee faithful;
Yet trembling for th' uncertain fate of war,
Dreading the dire event of this invaſion,
And, fearful ev'n for thee who know'ſt no fear,
Forgive this importunity of Love.
One favour only would I now ſollicit,
Which granted, ſoon it's wonted ſmile ſhall dwell
On my dejected viſage——Valdemar,

And all his hoſt will vaniſh from my thought,
And I ſhall deem this bough-built ſhed a palace.

OSTAN.

Can Lena aſk what Oſtan would refuſe?

LENA.

Whate'er may be th' event of this invaſion;
Rear'd on the talleſt mount of Denmark's realm,
Should Death and Ruin graſp their horrid hands
In dreadful league; and ruſh upon their prey——
Should the war bleed thro' all her waſted vales——
Should ghaſtly Slaughter unreſiſted rage,
'Till his yell pierce the ſolitary van
Of theſe ſequeſter'd wilds—Aſſure me, Oſtan,
That neither by thy martial genius led,
That neither tempted by the thirſt of glory,

By

By hate of Norway's king, nor love reviv'd
Of thy once-ſlighted country, thou wilt join
The general ruin, wander from my ſide,
Or leave me to my fears.

OSTAN.

O torturing thought!

LENA.

Hah! doſt thou heſitate?

OSTAN.

Fair queen, indulge me!
My country, tho' once ſlighted, when involv'd
In hoſtile ruin I behold, it urges
The cold blood to my heart—Why did you paint
In ſuch ſtrong colours the diſtreſsful ſcene?

LENA.

To know myſelf the abject wretch I am.
To know that thou wouldſt leave me helpleſs here,
Expos'd to ſavages, oppreſt with want,
And overwhelm'd with fear, t' indulge the vain,
The ſanguinary thirſt of battle——Go!
No longer ſooth me with falſe forms of love——
Hear'ſt thou the clarion's ſound? it calls thee from me.
The battle bleeds, and wilt thou loiter here
To parly with a woman?

OSTANO.

Queen of Norway!

LENA.

That title now is inſult—would'ſt thou call me
By any name my due——conſult my follies,

And

And conſequent misfortunes—from the train
Some epithet ſelect; with that addreſs me,
And call me what I am, a wretch forſaken.

OSTAN.

O cruel to yourſelf! Forego diſtruſt,
Groundleſs and vain! What has your Oſtan done
To merit this unkindneſs? That a ſigh
Stole from his boſom o'er the painful ſcene
That Denmark's plains in proſtrate ruin laid,
Why ſhould it move thy fear, or thy ſuſpicion?
The heart that wakes to love's ſoft impulſe, feels
The Patriot's ardor; but thy ſhrine, O Love!
Thy ſacred ſhrine ſhall never be deſerted,
And all the wreaths of Valour, Victory, Glory,
Here will I ſacrifice.

LENA.

And all the ties
Of friendſhip.

OSTAN.

OSTAN.

I have a friend, and interpoſing worlds——

LENA.

Shall not divide your fates——

OSTAN.

I have a friend——

LENA.

I know thou haſt, and if that friend ſhould join
In Denmark's cauſe againſt the arms of Norway,
Then wouldſt thou——

OSTAN.

Be a tame ungrateful ſlave?
No—By th' eternal Spirits that roll'd yon Sun
Into a globe of fire, and bad him burn

The cheek that never bluſh'd for broken faith,
While my heart beats, and while my hand can graſp
One dart of Vengeance, thro' the ranks of battle
Berino ſhall not urge his dangerous way,
While Oſtan ſtays behind———

LENA.

Loſt, wretched Lena!
How vainly didſt thou dream that thou wert firſt
In Oſtan's heart.

OSTAN.

Thou art the firſt of women,
And from a warrior, Queen, what wouldſt thou more?
Shall I be baſe, ungrateful, faithleſs, falſe!
Shall I deſert the friend that ſhar'd my fortunes,
My dangers ſhar'd—the friend to whoſe brave ſword
I owe the laſt breath that I drew—the life
That animates this eye to look on thee,

This pulſe that throbs at thy inchanting touch,
Shall I deſert him, while this pulſe can beat,
This eye can look on thee?

LENA.

Hark; didſt thou hear
The ſound of ſome approaching foot? O ſave me!
Still it advances—Save me from the ſword
Of Valdemar!

OSTAN.

Thy fears are vain!——'Tis he———
It is Berino.

SCENE III.

LENA, OSTAN, BERINO.

OSTAN.

Deareſt, beſt of friends!
Embrac'd for ever in my heart—Approach,
And let my arms embrace thee!

BERINO.

Still my friend!
Whom never change of fortune, or of time
Shall baniſh from my breaſt—while the ſoul wakes
And the blood wanders thro' the veiny ways
Of this mechanic being—ſtill my friend!
But ah! how uſeleſs my attentions now!
And yet, I would have ſerv'd thee.

OSTAN.

Ceaſe thy cares,
And every kind anxiety for me.
To ſee thee live, to hold thee to my heart,
Is now my happineſs, and wouldſt thou wiſh
This pleaſure to continue; all the ſervice
I aſk, or hope from thy unwearied kindneſs
Is to partake of this unknown retreat,
Companion to a Queen, tho' in a cottage.

LENA.

LENA.

Thrice gallant Chief! and worthy OSTAN's friendſhip,
If aught my poor intreaties might avail,
In this retirement to detain thee, pride
And joy would ſoothe my heart, tho' Norway's Queen
No more———

BERINO.

The powerful charm of friendſhip needs
No other motive—Truſt me, beauteous Queen,
Would it enſure your ſafety—would it guard
My Oſtan's life, amid theſe lonely ſhades
I'd dwell a Hermit to the dregs of age,
Feed on the wood's wild fruits with greater guſt
Than at the palace board, and drink the fountain.

LENA.

Then, Chief, thou wilt not leave us, wilt not draw
Thy Oſtan from my arms———

OSTAN.

For ever generous!
Berino, my full heart in ſilence thanks thee.

BERINO.

Yet this, my friends, is but a dream of ſafety.
Since, to avoid the dire event of war,
Should Valdemar demand, and Denmark's King
Agree to yield you victims to his rage,
In vain would you depend on theſe wild woods
To ſcreen you from their ſearch—united armies
Would ranſack all theſe hills, and range theſe groves,
'Till not a ſapling ſhould remain unnoted.

LENA.

LENA.

Loſt, wretched Lena! Norway's haughty King!—
Ah! ſhall he blaſt thee with his flaming eye?
Shall he enfold his hard hand in thy hair?
And drag thee to the earth? He ſhall, he ſhall—
And there is no eſcape———

BERINO.

Yet, beauteous Queen!
Suſpend thy fears; the pride of Valdemar,
And high reſentment haply may demand
Such terms as Denmark's Monarch, keen to war,
And delicate of honour, ſhall diſdain
To yield———

OSTAN.

What can we hope from thence?

BERINO.

A battle
Follows of courſe, and Valdemar may fall,

And Denmark's arms may conquer: by our ſervice
By our united efforts in the field
'Twill then be our's that favour to regain
So needful to your ſafety.———

OSTAN.

Hateful ſervice!
But not to be avoided—yet, my friend,
Yet when I think on all our glorious toil
On Lemor's ſhores repaid with negligence,
My vex'd blood boils, and every ſtroke my hand
Directs at Denmark's foes, my heart will envy.
Nay ſhould Canute himſelf, with offer'd favour
Applaud my ſervices—the tardy kindneſs
'Twould pain me to receive———

BERINO.

We are not now
So circumſtanc'd as when the ſplendid feaſt

In Agar's echoing hall then crown'd the toils
Of victory——By us o'erwhelm'd with foes,
Our Country calls on her apoſtate ſons,
And warns us of our duty.

OSTAN.

Thou haſt wak'd
A thouſand tender thoughts—Ah Denmark! yes!
I lov'd thy green vales, lov'd thy wild, brown hills,
And oft ere manhood brac'd my limbs, have climb'd
To their aſpiring tops, with boyiſh fancy,
To image armies in the evening-clouds.
Oft, liſtening from the rock's projecting brow,
My rapt ear fed upon the far-heard ſounds
Of the deep-toning horn, and my young breaſt
Burn'd for the fancied battle. Ah! my Country!
I feel thee at my heart.

BERINO.

'Tis Nature's law.
She bade us love thoſe native foſtering fields
That ſpread their green laps for our infant ſports;
And, acting ſtill from kindneſs all her own,
She makes *love* gratitude, and *pleaſure* virtue.

LENA.

Save, ſave me, Oſtan! See thro' yonder glade,
An armed man walks warily along,
Looking as if in ſearch—Hah! he approaches—

OSTAN.

He has the air of Lother——

BERINO.

'Tis the ſame——
Why has he trac'd me into this retreat?
What can it mean?

LENA.

What ſhall we do?

BERINO.

Retire,
And leave me to engage him—Your abode
If poſſible, muſt yet remain unknown.

SCENE IV.

LOTHER, BERINO.

LOTHER.

This way he came, and ſurely here are traces
Of human art and hands———

BERINO.

Hail Son of Aſmond!
Illuſtrious Hope of Denmark! Do I ſee
My Prince in this poor ſhed?

LOTHE

LOTHER.

Diſtinguiſh'd Virtue,
Hid in a cave, or ſhining in a court,
Alike demands attention—Gallant Chief,
Shall Lother own that in this poor retreat,
Obſcure, and in diſgrace, thou yet couldſt rouſe
His ſoul to envy?

BERINO.

Prince, thou canſt not mock me,
For thou art generous: but are grief and flight,
Endanger'd friendſhip, and inſulted fame
Conditions to be envied?

LOTHER.

Not for theſe
I envy thee, but pity—the great Soul,
The nobly ſocial Mind, of each mean view

diveſted, firm and daring e'en to Death———
Theſe, Chief, are thine, and theſe are to be envied.

BERINO.

By all but thoſe who boaſt of equal Virtues,
And, therefore, not by Lother—But to me
Why this fair palm of undeſerved praiſe,
I know not———

LOTHER.

Denmark's Princeſs doſt thou know?

BERINO.

Gracious and fair; yes, recent proofs I've had
Of her diſtinguiſh'd goodneſs—when I ſought
The Prince, your Father's ear, ſhe kindly offer'd
Her intereſt in my favour; but refus'd
To ſerve me in the only way I wiſh'd—
Yet then ſhe ſhew'd me what I wiſh'd was vain
And even impracticable.

LOTHER.

Yet the propoſal
Was great, was glorious, and became Berino.
For that, brave Chief, I envy and admire thee.
Gods! to pour forth at Friendſhip's holy Shrine
The young, warm vital tide—once more to reſcue
The friend thy valour ſav'd before, and this
By life's laſt forfeit——

BERINO.

Were no ſacrifice
Of ſuch uncommon merit—What is life,
Depriv'd of friendſhip? When each charm is loſt,
Each dear dependence on the mutual heart,
Firm, cordial, confident—then what is life?
Periſh the mean wretch, whoſe low thought can hide
One ſordid wiſh, that centers in himſelf—

To me no joy, no flattering ſcene of Hope
To me is heart-felt, if no friend partakes
The ſolitary banquet—Life itſelf,
It's joys, its proſpects uncommunicated,
Is but a lonely dream, where waking thought
Enjoys a Miſer's pleaſure.

LOTHER.

Brave I knew thee,
Thrice gallant Chief, on Lemor's groaning ſhores
I knew thee brave; and now, well haſt thou prov'd
True valour only in the generous heart
Holds his fair reſidence—'Tis my ambition,
Nor is that pride unworthy of a Prince,
To boaſt Berino's friendſhip—Chief, with thee,
I mean to ſhare the wreaths of glorious toil,
With thee to pierce the deep-embattled Hoſt,
And, ſhould thy brave breaſt loſe it's faithful mail,

Amidſt

Amidſt advancing foes, with my own hands
I'll ſnatch this honeſt Cuiraſs from my boſom,
And bind it on thy heart.

BERINO.

Forget not, Prince,
That I'm a fugitive.

LOTHER.

By Heav'n thou art not———
Rapt with the luxury of love and praiſe,
My meſſage was forgot—I came to tell thee
That Denmark's Monarch, with thy Virtues charm'd,
Gives thee free pardon; and the Prince, my Father
Invites thee to his court.

BERINO.

Diſtinguiſh'd favours!

And

And worthy all acknowledgment; but friendſhip
My firſt attention claims—that duty paid,
Expect to ſee me in the halls of AGAR,
Obedient to my Prince. 'Till then adieu!

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A Grove behind the Palace of CANUTE.

AVILDA.

WITH what a dull pace the old hours of time
Poſt to a lover's wiſhes!——Even thou,
Slow-ſailing moon, whoſe deep and cumbrous train
Of dim clouds ſeems thy paſſage to retard,
Mov'ſt with a ſwifter courſe, and o'er this grove,
Since yet I've waited the return of Lother,
Thy tranſient rays have ſtol'n from tree to tree,
'Till now 'tis left one deep-involving ſhade,
Awefully ſilent.

SCENE

SCENE II.

AVILDA, ASMOND.

ASMOND.

Daughter of Canute,
Theſe lonely glooms are melancholy's empire,
Cheriſh it's ſaddening influence in the heart,
And feed the fires of love—Let thy attention
No more in Fancy's airy regions ſtray;
I bring thee tidings better to employ it.

AVILDA.

Is Lother then return'd? and doſt thou bring me
Hopes of Berino's ſafety?

ASMOND.

Doubt not that;
Tho' Lother yet returns not——From the camp

Of

Of Valdemar a haughty herald came,
Fraught with high menaces, and vain contempt
Of Denmark's valiant ſons; ſuch terms he brought,
As our brave father with diſdain rejected;
And when he heard the inſolent demand
Not of the noble fugitives alone,
But of a tribute from his own lov'd realm,
His aged arm with rage ſhook, and his eye
Sparkled with honeſt vengeance. The proud herald
There read his anſwer, and retir'd.

AVILDA.

'Twas well
Methinks, the woman's tenderneſs gives way
To nobler ſentiments; thoſe terms of inſult
Have rous'd me from the weak captivity
Of idle fear and love; my Father's ſpirit
Reſumes it's long loſt empire in my breaſt,

And

And I have now no other feelings there
But for his honour and for Denmark's ſafety.

ASMOND.

There in his daughter ſpoke Canute, and there
What was Avilda———Princeſs, ſtill preſerve
That higher tone of mind; nor, 'midſt our dangers,
Sink into weakneſs: many cares await me.
Adieu!

SCENE III.

AVILDA.

I feel ſtrange tumults in my breaſt,
'Tis indignation ſwells it, at the thought
Of Valdemar's bold inſult——Yet, methinks,
Fear preſſes on my heart—I know not why—

What

What ſhould I fear? All weaker paſſions fly,
Or ought to fly—This moment I diſcard them—
And think of nothing but a father's ſafety.

SCENE IV.

AVILDA, LOTHER.

LOTHER.

Princeſs, thrice worthy of your generous care,
And kind protection was the gallant youth;
And well his virtues claim his Sovereign's favour.

AVILDA.

Talk not, young prince, in idle ſtrains of praiſe
On private virtue; when the public ſafety
Demands our ſole attention! Haſt thou learnt
The haughty meſſage from the camp of Norway?

Thou

Thou haſt not—Know then that the ſpirit of war
Is rous'd to ſleep no more, 'till by the hands
Of death and havock his fell eyes are clos'd,
And Denmark's ſons are ſlaves, or Norway bends
Her hard neck to the yoke———

LOTHER.

Periſh the day,
When Denmark's glory falls, and periſh all
That envy her fair honours! By the ſoul
Of holy freedom,—by each ſword that gleams
O'er many an aweful ſhrine of heroes dead,
That graſp'd her to their hearts, I will not live
To drag the bonds of any haughty being
That is not more than man, and, like myſelf,
Breathes but by privilege of common air!

SCENE VIII.

LENA, ASMOND.

LENA.

Approach;
And, if ſome uſeful miniſter of fate,
Be kindly expeditious——Let thy ſword
Cloſe the dark ſcene of terrour, and defend me
From what I dread the moſt, a living death.

ASMOND.

Deem not the prince of Denmark an aſſaſſin.

LENA.

I knew you not—forgive me, prince renown'd
For wiſdom, genius and humanity,
Far as your father's arms—The name of Aſmond,

Each liſping orphan can repeat, and widows
By him ſupported, ſmiling o'er their babes,
Teach them the name of Aſmond. O that fate
Which gave me birth in Denmark, there had kept me
In ſome poor ſhed an object of his bounty;
Nor rais'd me, by I know not what ſtrange ſteps,
To Norway's hated throne; where never peace,
Or freedom ſmil'd upon my wretched hours——
To ſhun the haughty Valdemar's rude arms,
Gloomy as death, and as the ſavages,
That range his hills, ferocious——to behold
Once more my native country—Theſe were motives
Of no inferior force to urge my flight,
Tho' haply ſtill the buſy voice of fame
Aſcribes it ſolely to a different cauſe.

ASMOND.

Heavens! and are you then that ill fated queen?
But how! in Denmark born? 'twas ever ſaid

And ſtill believ'd, that Valdemar eſpous'd
The daughter of a chief of Norway———

LENA.

Thus
It was reported; but to ſerve what purpoſe,
I never yet could learn—'Twas falſe, however,
In every circumſtance—the tender matron
Who rear'd my infancy with gentleſt care,
And lov'd me with a parent's fondneſs, told me
In the laſt words of life, that I was born
In Denmark, and from thence by ſtealth convey'd:
More ſhe could not—but, ſpeechleſs, to my hand
Convey'd this bracelet, as if this might prove
Some token of my birth———

ASMOND. [*Looking on the bracelet.*]

Oh!——O my child!
My daughter!

LENA. [*Throwing herſelf at his feet.*]

Pitying Heaven!

ASMOND.

Oh!———my loſt child!

LENA.

Indulgent Heaven! haſt thou no mercies left?
O ſtrike me, ſtrike me dead!

ASMOND. [*Raiſing her.*]

My long loſt child!

LENA.

Still loſt! for ever loſt!——oh! is it thus
I find a parent? Thus I meet a father,
With guilt and ruin in my train? And can you,

Do

Do you forbear to ſpurn me from you? Far
As earth from heaven to ſpurn me—? Dear, good
prince!
Methinks, you weep———

ASMOND.

Thou art, indeed, ill-fated———
Snatch'd, when an infant, from thy nurſe's arms,
And borne we knew not whither—Each purſuit,
And every ſearch was vain; tho' then at war
With Norway, ſuch baſe rapine in a foe
We could not even ſuſpect—This well-known bracelet
With her own hands thy tender mother lock'd
Upon thy little arm———

LENA.

Ha! does ſhe live?
Shall I behold her?

ASMOND.

No——in the cold grave
Long has ſhe ſlept, unable to ſurvive
The loſs of thee.

LENA.

O wretched! O my heart!
This is too much——— [*Faints.*

ASMOND.

Help! Help! My child! My daughter!
[*Bears her off.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A diſtant view of the Norwegian Camp.

OSTAN, BERINO.

BERINO.

ONE ſacrifice my honeſt ſword has paid
To honour and to Denmark, one remains
To friendſhip and to Oſtan: That diſcharg'd,
My heart ſhall lay it's load of duty down,
And I ſhall be at reſt; ev'n tho' the hand
Of Valdemar prevail, in glorious reſt,
While honour, valour, friendſhip o'er my grave
Shall ſtrew the monumental wreath——

OSTAN.

That hour
When the light beams upon my conſcious eye,
And it beholds thy pale corſe on the ground,
May tenfold darkneſs ſeal it! may I wander
Wretched and blind, the ſport of wantonneſs,
And coward-fear hang on my abject heart,
Dreading e'en Death!

BERINO.

Have I not known thee brave?
And all the generous ardor of thy friendſhip
Have I not oft experienc'd?—Leave to me
This equal combat; where 'tis arm to arm,
And only life to life—A helpleſs woman
Demands your aid, and would you ſtay to guard
An armed warrior? Let the Queen of Norway
Be Oſtan's care. Berino ſhall attend!
The King.

OSTAN.

OSTAN.

For Lena's ſafety I depend
On her unknown retreat.

BERINO.

For mine depend
On my known ſword.

OSTAN.

But did not Valdemar
Suſpend his anſwer to your ſecond challenge?

BERINO.

Yes, 'till the ſword of Sweno ſhould be tried
In Norway's cauſe, as mine was drawn for Denmark:
Since that event has ended in my favour,
I wait each moment his acceptance.

OSTAN.

OSTAN.

Love
Can juſtify the faults of Love, and friendſhip,
Perhaps, may do the ſame—I owe thee much:
Yet thou, methinks, haſt cancell'd in this challenge
A part of my vaſt debt, ſince thou haſt robb'd me
Of the high honour, and the great revenge
Of meeting Valdemar in arms.

BERINO.

Believe,
There is no debt uncancell'd, and forgive
The robbery, if ſuch it muſt be deem'd,
Tho' 'twere but for the motive—On thy care
Depends the ſafety of a Queen—For me,
I live but for my friend, and in his ſervice,
A life of labour, or a death of wounds
Alike were welcome———

OSTAN.

O beyond the world,
Belov'd, admir'd, exalted! my Berino,
Greater in thy misfortunes, to be envied
More for thy virtues than the pomp of Kings,
Still let me thank, and ſtill embrace thee—yield
But yield me this one wiſh, and let my hand
Engage the King of Norway.

BERINO.

'Tis not mine
To yield, or to withhold it now—the law
Of arms and honour binds me to the form
Of my firſt challenge; nothing but the choice
Of Valdemar can change the terms.

SCENE

SCENE II.

OSTAN, BERINO, a NORWEGIAN HERALD.

OSTAN.

Thy enſigns
Speak thee an Herald from the King of Norway.
Haſt thou no charge to me?

HERALD.

My meſſage is
To Oſtan and Berino.

OSTAN, BERINO.

Thou haſt found them.

HERALD.

Thus then the King of Norway and the Iſles,
The high-born Valdemar, ſprung from the race
Of Odin—Firſt to Oſtan, chief of Denmark:

As

As thou haſt baſely broke the laws of nations,
Each tie of Hoſpitality and Honour,
And injur'd his beſt intereſts—Firſt to thee
Deadly defiance, with high ſcorn he ſends
To try the mortal combat.

OSTAN.

By the ſoul
Of mighty Thor, whoſe brave blood warms my veins,
Herald I bid the welcome.

HERALD.

And thus, the King of Norway and the Iſles,
The high-born Valdemar, ſprung from the race
Of Odin, to Berino friend of Oſtan—
Aſſociate in his crimes, and of his cauſe
The forward champion, when his trembling helm
Shall yield to the fleſh'd ſword, thou next enjoy
The privilege of death.

BERINO.

BERINO.

Vain menaces!
And impotent as vain—Words ill become
A warrior, Herald; but bear back this meſſage
To thy proud Prince, and tell him from Berino,
That his ſtunn'd hoſts ſhall hear the dogs of Denmark
Howl at his thin ghoſt ere to-morrow's ſun.

SCENE III.

OSTAN, BERINO.

OSTAN.

Once more, my friend, with pleaſure I embrace thee,
Who never brought diſtreſs upon my heart,
But by unbounded kindneſs—There, indeed,
Long haſt thou play'd the tyrant—long oppreſt me
With ill-deſerved favours; but to Fortune
I owe this triumph o'er thy friendly zeal;

And

And let thy brightening looks, my gallant friend,
Allow me leave to thank her.

BERINO.

Let her periſh!
Inſidious foe to every great deſign,
And every generous deed! ſhe binds the brave
In the ſame manacle that graſps the limbs,
The vile limbs of the coward; many a mind,
Of noble mould, and Heaven-informed ſoul,
She dooms to watch a peaſant's nod, and leads
The ſneaking ſteps of ſlaves and fools to honour.
If yet ſhe reigns on earth, may the right hand
Of Odin thruſt her to the realms of night,
Eternally to periſh!

OSTAN.

Yet, my friend———
Yet let not diſcontent dwell on thy brow!

Let

Let not chagrin hang on the few ſhort hours
That may remain to friendſhip!

BERINO.

Does thy heart
Inform thee that thoſe hours ſhall be but ſhort?
Wilt thou relinquiſh—

OSTAN.

By the holy ties
Of everlaſting truth, I charge thee, name not
What dwells upon thine eye! Beware, my friend:
Think'ſt thou that I can fear, or canſt thou doubt
The ſword of Oſtan?

BERINO.

Never thoughts like thoſe
Betray'd thee to my heart—

SCENE

No, Lother's life, and Denmark's honour wound
On the ſame fated clue, the hand of Death
Shall ravel off together——— [*Going.*

AVILDA.

Stay, young prince,
Thy patriot valour, and thy liberal mind
I knew, nor meant I to reproach thee———

LOTHER.

Theſe
I go to prove—'till then withhold that praiſe.

AVILDA.

Yet ſtay—Methinks, ſome circumſtance—You found
The friend of Oſtan———

LOTHER.

So I would have told you.

AVILDA.

It matters not—a weightier buſineſs claim'd
Thy care, and claims it ſtill.

LOTHER.

I know it well. [*Going.*

AVILDA.

Yet why this haſte? That gallant chief, you ſaid,
Was not unworthy of the royal favour.
But how did he receive it?

LOTHER.

With due ſenſe
Of gratitude and duty; tho' ſome office
Of ſacred friendſhip, claiming then his care,
Prevented his acknowledgment———

AVILDA. [*Aſide.*]

Ah me!

I fear that friendſhip——Fear! I know it not—

Weak thoughts away!

LOTHER.

Princeſs, you ſeem to view

With fear unuſual this approaching war:

Yet dread not the event—The ſons of Denmark

Can ſtill defend her daughters—The brave youth

Who has your royal father's pardon, ſoon

Will join our arms, and his well omen'd valour

Will make ſucceſs leſs doubtful——

AVILDA.

Fooliſh heart!

Forego thy weakneſs! Prince, your preſent cares

Are due to Denmark——Let me not detain you.

SCENE V.

AVILDA.

O Love! Thou ſource of everlaſting fears,
And diſcontent, and pain! Suſpend thy ſway!
Power of the throbbing heart, and penſive eye,
Ceaſe thy unquiet empire in my breaſt,
And leave me to the calm ſociety
Of fortitude and reaſon———Sure I ſee,
Or does the ſhifting ſhade deceive me? No—
A woman wandering in this lonely grove!
At this untimely hour!——Some wretch like me,
Who vainly courting ſleep to ſoothe her cares,
Indulges them in theſe congenial ſhades.
Perhaps another ſlave to the wide empire
Of all-ſubduing Love——My own attendants
I thought ſecure———

SCENE

SCENE VI.

AVILDA, LENA.

AVILDA.

Lady, to wander in theſe penſive glooms,
Preventing the fair harbinger of morn,
Speaks not a mind at eaſe——Perhaps ſome ſorrow
Dwells on your burthen'd heart, or ſome ſoft care
Uſurps the throne of reſt—Command me, lady,
If I have power to ſerve you.

LENA,

My misfortunes
Are ſuch as leave no exerciſe for hope,
As neither time, nor pity can redreſs,
And only death can end.

AVILDA.

Then death, I fear,
Has brought them firſt upon you—has divided
From your torn heart ſome friend that it embrac'd,
And left you to the pangs of hopeleſs ſorrow.

LENA.

Have you compaſſion? Are you touch'd with pity?
Seek not to know the cauſe of my diſtreſs——
The only favour you have power to grant me
Is an aſylum from the ſearching world;
Some ſecret cell, where I may reſt unſeen,
The object of your private charity.

AVILDA.

Art thou oppreſt?—In fear of human hate,
Or violence?—Then look for ſure protection

In

In Denmark's king—The juſtice of Canute
Will be your beſt aſylum; and my care
Shall not be wanting with my royal father
To win you every grace———

LENA. [*Aſide.*]

O wretched Lena!
What horrid fate hangs o'er thee?

AVILDA.

Ever juſt,
And ſtudious to redreſs his injur'd ſubjects,
Tho' an impending war demands his cares,
You will be heard.

LENA.

Oh! inſupportable!
Loſt, loſt is every proſpect of eſcape!

AVILDA.

What mean thoſe wild words?

LENA.

Princeſs, you behold
In me the cauſe of that impending war;
Then yield me to the juſtice of your father——
Better to periſh by a ſtranger's ſword
Than to the rage of Valdemar reſign'd,
Encounter ſhame, and inſolence and ſcorn,
Ere death, with purpos'd cruelty withheld,
Shall end my wretched being———

AVILDA.

Powers of Denmark!
Are you that hapleſs queen, whoſe fatal flight
Brings the dark hoſts of Norway on our ſhores?
If ſo, what madneſs, or what ſtrange miſchance

Could

Could lead you to approach the reſidence
Of Denmark's Monarch?

LENA.

'Twas, indeed, miſchance:
If aught by me may ſo be deem'd, whom hope
Has totally deſerted.

AVILDA.

Should I pity,
I have no power to ſave you, queen!

LENA.

I aſk
No other means of ſafety than to ſhun
The preſence of the haughty Valdemar——
If you have no aſylum, yet, even death
Will be protection, and I aſk for that.

AVILDA.

AVILDA.

Alas! fair queen, I feel for your misfortunes,
Nor would I add to misery's heavy load,
Howe'er occasion'd——Pity I can give you,
But cannot give you hope—Should I attempt
To plead for mercy with my royal father,
Yet his strict justice might withhold his ear
From all compassion's eloquence could urge.
And thus my vain endeavours to protect you
Might hasten your destruction———

LENA.

Would your father
Yield me to Norway's king?

AVILDA.

I fear not that———

LENA.

Then nought have I to fear———

AVILDA.

A haughty meſſage
From Valdemar precludes all thoughts of peace
And every means of treaty———

LENA.

Ah raſh friend!
Thou couldſt foreſee, then why not wait th' event?
Thy too impetuous virtues have undone thee,
And me, and all.

AVILDA.

What friend, whoſe virtues? Ha!

LENA.

You are no ſtranger to the young Berino,
The gallant friend of Oſtan———

AVILDA.

Stranger! Queen!
What wouldſt thou? No—Methinks I know that name.

LENA.

LENA.

Yes, I have heard him ſpeak, with grateful pleaſure,
Of Denmark's princeſs—of your kind intentions
To recommend him to your royal father
As not unworthy his indulgence——That,
Tho' by no meaner meſſenger declar'd,
Than Denmark's ſecond hope, the ſon of Aſmond,
He held inferior to the ties of friendſhip,
Nor would enjoy one ſhadow of enlargement,
Freedom, or hope, that Oſtan could not ſhare.

AVILDA. [*Aſide.*]

Hapleſs Avilda! deſtin'd to regret
Thoſe virtues I admire!

LENA.

Yet had this zeal
Been bounded here!—but from his parting words

Too

Too plain he meant a ſacrifice to friendſhip
That friendſhip could not bear———

AVILDA.

Death to my heart!
Forbear! What would'ſt thou ſay? proceed———

LENA.

You ſeem
With no indifferent eye to view my fortunes—
This generous pity———

AVILDA.

Torture worſe than death!
What didſt thou mean? what ſacrifice?

LENA.

Himſelf.

AVILDA.

AVILDA.

Whom?

LENA.

Negligent of life, the brave Berino
To Valdemar a twofold challenge ſent,
One, in behalf of Denmark, to engage
The braveſt chief of Norway; if ſucceſs
Should crown his firſt attempt, a bold defiance
Of Valdemar himſelf, in Oſtan's name,
To break the ſhivering lance———

AVILDA.

Was this accepted?

LENA.

I know not that; in vain with prayers and tears
I ſought to win him from his purpoſe—conſcious

That

That Oſſan would not ſuffer him alone
To try the dangerous combat—This I fear'd,
Nor groundleſs were my fears; for tho' Berino
Conjur'd his friend by all the ties of honour,
By every thought of kindneſs, to relinquiſh
This enterprize to him, nor then permitted
To join his ſteps, impatient ſoon he follow'd.
Ere long the noiſe of hunters at the chace,
Or rovers ſent from the Norwegian camp,
Drove me in terror from my lone retreat,
And wildering night has led me to theſe ſhades.

AVILDA.

That tale, O wretched queen, that tale is pregnant
With horror, death and ruin, more than thou
Canſt feel, or fear—Affairs of higheſt import
Demand the preſent moment—Queen, farewell!

My

My women ſhall have orders to attend you
To ſome more hoſpitable place.

SCENE VII.

LENA.

In death———
In the dark manſions of unconſcious duſt
Alone can ſuch a place be found——for there
Terror, tho' deep in his own darkneſs wrapt,
Knocks at the heart in vain——The inward eye
Of guilt is clos'd in endleſs night; and there
The cheek of ſhame is pale—Ha! who approaches,
A man?——perhaps ſome friendly meſſenger
Diſpatch'd, in pity, by the good Avilda
To ſerve me with his honeſt ſword.

SCENE IV.

OSTAN, BERINO, AVILDA *in diſguiſe as a meſſenger from the King of Denmark.*

AVILDA.

The King of Denmark
Commands Berino to attend him.

BERINO.

Were
His orders urgent?

AVILDA.

To the preſent moment.

BERINO.

The King ſhall be obey'd.

SCENE V.

OSTAN, BERINO.

BERINO.

This ill-tim'd meſſage
Is moſt perplexing — the ſhort ſpace that lies
Before th' approaching combat, ſhould be ſacred
Alone to friendſhip.

OSTAN.

Yet, methinks, 'tis well.
This is no time to yield the fervent heart
To gentler ſentiments, or dear remembrance
Of kindneſs paſt; when fortitude ſhould fix
On the firm breaſt her adamantine ſeal.
But ſtill one ſcene of tenderneſs remains—
One ſofter moment to the Queen of Norway,
Ere my ſword reach the heart of Valdemar.

BERINO.

'Till that event, then, we ſhall meet no more.
Let us embrace, my friend!

OSTAN.

Adieu!

BERINO.

Adieu!

SCENE VI.

BERINO.

Be ſtill my heart! nor let unmanly ſoftneſs
Thy firmer tone relax!—To breathe ſhort ſighs,
To feel anxieties, and boding fears,
Is female friendſhip—Yet the cauſe is obvious.
I dread that Oſtan's feebler arm will fail
Againſt the powerful ſword of Valdemar—

And ſhould it fail—ah death to friendſhip—why,
Why would not fate permit me to enjoy
The prior challenge? Why this ſudden meſſage
That calls me to the court of Denmark? Strange
That circumſtance, and unexpected—Sure
I've heard that voice—I've ſeen that meſſenger—
In ſpeech, in features ſtrongly he reſembled
The fair Avilda; whoſe kind offices
Have been ſo oft exerted in my favour.
Ah! could I but aſpire to hope! vain hopes!
Romantic wiſhes hence! ſhould I encourage
By idle viſions that long-ſmother'd flame
Which nature kindled, reaſon ſtill repreſt?
Peace! fooliſh heart! was I not yeſterday,
A fugitive, an exile in diſgrace—
Ha! yet again?

SCENE

SCENE VII.

BERINO, AVILDA *in the ſame diſguiſe.*

AVILDA.

Why wilt thou thus delay? Chief, let me warn thee
That thy immediate preſence is expected
At Denmark's court. And as thou mayſt reſpect
The favour of thy prince, it well becomes thee
With haſte obedient to attend his pleaſure.

BERINO.

I own it, gentle Herald, and I thank thee
For this repeated caution; want of duty
Occaſion'd no delay; but haſt thou learnt
The purpoſe of this meſſage?

AVILDA.

If I have,
Yet my commiſſion only was to bear it.

BERINO.

By all my beſt, and deareſt hopes 'tis ſhe!
Now love direct me! Prudence be my guard! [*aſide.*
The generous favour of the brave Canute,
And more, far more than merited indulgence
Have join'd the ties of gratitude to duty.
Much likewiſe do I owe the Prince of Denmark,
To Lother much; but to the fair Avilda
What am I not indebted? to her favour,
To her kind offices alone I owe,
And wiſh to owe her royal Father's pardon.

AVILDA (*aſide.*)

Ah flattering to my heart! but is this language
With which Berino would addreſs a Herald?
For Norway's realm and all her icy Iſles
I would not be diſcover'd—Gallant Chief,
There is no time for parley——

SCENE

SCENE VII.

BERINO.

Is ſhe gone?
Gone, baniſh'd by my thoughtleſs indiſcretion!
How idle! how abſurd to name the Princeſs!
She bluſh'd, and fled in fear of a diſcovery.
Such is the fate of Love, blind, witleſs love,
For ever working it's own overthrow;
Yet ſhall my ſteps at diſtance trace her flight,
My ſtraining eye toil for another glance,
And ſhe ſhall prove my kind conducting ſtar,
To her own fair abode, the court of Denmark.

SCENE IX.

A Plain before the Norwegian Camp.

VALDEMAR.

Where are thoſe powers, thoſe ſpirits of revenge,

That iſſue from the darkeſt depth of Hell,
And whip the groaning world ? Ye fiends accurſt,
Why are ye yet ſo ſlow ? Revenge delay'd
Is tenfold torture ; tho' the ſweeteſt paſſion
That ever wak'd the heart, if the rais'd arm
Be once arreſted in it's rapid motion,
How bitter does it grow !—Curſe on this ſtripling
That trifles with my rage, while I debaſe
The Monarch to engage a petty Chief!
Yet in the general conflict might he ſcape
The thunder of my arm, and yield another
The life he owes to me ; hence I deſcend
To this deciſion ; tho' contempt, at laſt,
Has ſwallow'd up revenge, and when he ſhrinks
Beneath my ſearching ſword, I ſhall behold him
With more diſdain than pleaſure.

SCENE

SCENE X.

VALDEMAR, OSTAN.

OSTAN.

Tyrant! ſavage!
Where have thy minions borne her? are they fled
To the dark deſarts of that ragged kingdom,
Which thou and bears divide? fled from my ſword?
But they have left me thee!

VALDEMAR.

Now hold, my rage,
A moment——Fled? alas! good Chief! fled, ſay'ſt thou?
No—Lena could not leave thee! fond and faithful,
Could ſhe forſake thee, Oſtan? Surely, no!
Haply ſhe wander'd forth to gather food,

Berries,

Berries, or acorns of the wood; for Lena,
The faithful Lena could not leave thy ſide.

OSTAN.

Blue lightnings blaſt thee, and thy coward bands,
That meanly ſtole her from me when alone,
And unprotected!

VALDEMAR.

Is it poſſible?
No! gallant Chief! Thou couldſt not leave a woman
Without protection—Leave a Queen that lov'd thee,
A faithful Queen! for ſuch uncourtly act
She might, indeed, forſake thee—She might ſtray,
For ſhe had ſtray'd before———

OSTAN.

Yes know, proud King!
To thy eternal torture, know ſhe lov'd me!

Oh!

Oh! ſhe was kind! with eaſy fondneſs kind!
Soft as the evening-breeze that ſinks to reſt
Within the folding flower—tender as light,
When dawning o'er the dewy roſe it pours
A mild and cautious ray—In my fond arms
O what ſweet tumults ſwell'd her ſnowy breaſts!

VALDEMAR.

Peace ſlave!

OSTAN.

What nameleſs ſoft emotions beam'd
In her fair eye! What lovely languiſhment!

VALDEMAR.

Inſolent ſlave!

OSTAN.

O hours of extaſy!
When thrown at eaſe upon my circling arm,

Her

Her beauteous head, and many an upward glance
Fraught with ſweet meaning, ſilently invited
The frequent kiſs.

VALDEMAR.

May all the powers of Hell
Blaſt thy vile tongue!

OSMOND.

O rapture-giving hours!
When mingling ſoul with ſoul, and breaſt to breaſt
Beating reſponſive pleaſure! Hours of tranſport!
Urge the ſlow wing of time, and to my boſom
Reſtore my Lena.

VALDEMAR.

By the Gods of Norway
I will not wait the ſlow formalities

Tha

That cuſtom has aſſign'd the combat—Inſult
Like this demands immediate chaſtiſement. [*draws.*

OSTAN.

'Tis as I wiſh'd. (*draws.*)

VALDEMAR.

Sword of my father now
Be faithful——

[*They fight: the ſword of Valdemar is broke.*

——Curſes on thy ſhivering blade!

OSTAN.

Replace thy ſword.

VALDEMAR.

[*Snatching a dagger from his boſom, plunges it into the breaſt of* Oſtan.]

This ſhall replace it.

OSTAN.

OSTAN.

[*Making a thruſt at* Valdemar *miſſes him, and falls.*

Coward!

O villain-handed ſlave.

VALDEMAR.

[*Smiling over him.*

Stay; live good Chief,

Tell me where I ſhall find the Queen of Norway,

And ſhe ſhall once again partake thy flight.

OSTAN.

Is ſhe not in thy power? By Heaven, that thought

Revives me—Yet, Berino!—Oh!—Revenge! *(Dies.*

VALDEMAR.

No! that is mine—I live, I live to feel it.

The

The vaunting heroe, the rapacious lover——
Pale, pale he lies—O for ten thouſand daggers
Sped with like vengeance to each Daniſh heart,
'Till all her yellow-treſſed ſons ſhall ſhrink
At the Norwegian creſt, and all her daughters
Weep o'er the graves of lovers!

ACT V.

SCENE I.

An area in the centre of a deep grove.

ASMOND, LENA.

ASMOND.

DEEP in the centre of this ſolemn grove
Repoſe the royal anceſtry of Denmark.
And where that tall pine ſpreads it's guardian ſhade,
My lov'd Arvina reſts——

LENA.

[*Kneeling over the grave.*

O let me bathe
With many a duteous tear the cold, cold earth
That

That hides the buried parent! Dear remains!
O honour'd aſhes! have ye no kind ſpark,
No conſcious ſpark of life, which ſleeping yet
The breath of filial fondneſs might awake!

ASMOND.

Ceaſe, child! This tenderneſs renews my ſorrows.

LENA.

How can I ceaſe? For was not I the cauſe,
The wretched cauſe——

ASMOND.

Of miſery paſt redreſs——

LENA.

[*Still kneeling and looking on the grave.*

O Princeſs! Parent, whoſe heart-breaking Love
Led thee untimely to theſe ſeats of Death,

Look thro' the veil of everlaſting night,
And view thy hapleſs daughter! View her!—no—
For thou art innocent, and the fair flower
Springs pleaſantly upon thy grave—To ſee—
In thy own offſpring to behold a wretch,
A guilty wretch! Thy ſpirit would recoil
And ſeek once more a refuge in the Duſt.

ASMOND.

Guilty! O horror!—O my blind affection!
Yes, thou art guilty—haſt thou not diſgrac'd
Thy royal lineage? Haſt thou not foregone
Each claim to virtue in a ſubject's arms?

LENA.

Thou gav'ſt me life; thou only may'ſt reſume
The fatal gift—And ſhall thy ſword delay?
Have I not been the cauſe of every woe

That

That wounds thy honeſt heart? Look on that grave!
Did I not rob thee of the gentle breaſt
That lies unconſcious there——

ASMOND.

Why wilt thou rend
My ſoul?

LENA.

Was I not yielded to the arms
Of Denmark's hated foe? Has he not triumph'd
O'er Aſmond, greatly triumph'd in his daughter?
And ſhall the object that has brought upon thee
Diſgrace and miſery live?

ASMOND.

Thou art my child!——

LENA.

Haſt thou forgot that I'm a fugitive,
A guilty fugitive? Led by weak love
Of Oſtan, have I not brought infamy
On Denmark's royal race?

ASMOND.

By mighty Thor!
That, that is inſupportable, and thou
Muſt fall a victim to thy hapleſs fate,
And wretched folly——Thou muſt die——

LENA.

I thank you——

ASMOND.

A living inſtance of diſgrace to Denmark!
Thy King, thy Father! By our guardian Gods;

That

That is not to be borne———

LENA.

O beſt of parents!

ASMOND.

What wouldſt thou ſay? Thou wouldſt not wiſh for life.

LENA.

For miſery? No! 'Twould be unnatural
For me to wiſh, unkind for you to grant.
To give me death will be a father's gift——

ASMOND.

Dreadful alternative! Thou muſt not fall
By vulgar hands—And ſhall a parent's arm—
O feebleneſs of heart!

LENA.

Then, ſhould the arms
Of Valdemar prevail; to ſwell his triumph,
To ſoothe his pride, and ſatiate his revenge,
Aſmond will yield his daughter——

ASMOND.

Wretched woman!
How doſt thou urge thy fate! Tho' my heart fears not
For Denmark's cauſe—yet ſhould the chance of war
To Valdemar reſtore thee—Horror! horror
Is in the thought—Canſt thou behold this dagger?
Or is it's keen and ſhining point more dreadful
Than ſuch a dire event?——

LENA.

Thou ſeeſt me firm——
Why wilt thou thus delay?

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

Arvina's eye
Arreſts my lingering hand.

LENA.

Ah me! my father!
What doſt thou ſee?

ASMOND.

Beware! nor call me father——
The needful purpoſe ſhrinks within my breaſt—
Even now it ſhrinks, while in her daughter's eye
I meet my loſt Arvina———

LENA.

Hide it tears——
Conceal the vain reſemblance——

ASMOND. *(Embracing her.)*

Oh! my daughter!

Still, ſtill my child! tho' miſery and misfortune

Are in thy train——

LENA.

And infamy, and guilt.

ASMOND.

In vain, ill-fated woman, wouldſt thou urge

Thy wretched father's hand againſt thy life.

While all the powers of nature and affection

In their ſtrong cords reſtrain it—O'er that grave,

Arvina's hovering Spirit ſeems to frown,

Indignant of the dire intent—Farewell!

The trumpet's ſound proclaims th' approaching battle,

And one ſhort hour decides the fate of Denmark.

Should

Should Norway's arms ſucceed, we have no choice
Save what a friend like this affords———

[*Throws down a dagger.*

SCENE II.

LENA.

[*Taking up the dagger.*

Then come,
Cold and inſenſible, but honeſt friend!
From rending grief, from rude-aſſailing cares,
From ſhame's quick pang, and from the quiver'd eye
Of the fell archer, Scorn, thy friendſhip ſaves.
And ſhall I then delay to yield admiſſion
To ſuch a guardian gueſt? Shall I refuſe
My boſom to a friend who kindly offers
Such happy privilege?

SCENE

SCENE III.

LENA, LOTHER.

LOTHER.

Art thou the Queen of Norway?

LENA.

Chief of Denmark,

Whoe'er thou art, forego ſuch vain enquiries,

And inſtantly withdraw———

LOTHER.

O yes, the ſame!

Dear, hapleſs woman, drop that fatal weapon.

And meet my firſt, my fond embrace——

LENA.

LENA.

Raſh youth,
Intruding ſtranger, hence——

LOTHER.

I am no ſtranger——
Embrace thy brother!

LENA.

[*Letting fall the dagger.*

Hah!

LOTHER.

The ſon of Aſmond——

LENA.

O my torn heart! a brother! ſure I know not
A ſiſter's love, I cannot be a ſiſter——

Yet,

Yet, if thou art my brother, gentle youth,
Then I will weep for thee———

LOTHER.

O let me hold
A ſiſter to my heart!

LENA.

Fond youth, forbear;
Embrace not miſery———

LOTHER.

My loſt, lov'd ſiſter, welcome to my breaſt!

LENA.

Thou haſt no ſiſter; and I have no brother,
No father, and no friend—I ſtand alone
The property of woe, the hapleſs victim

Of

Of cruel Fate and Folly——

LOTHER.

Cheriſh hope:
For by the holy verdure of this grave,
Where ſleeps our tender mother, thou ſhalt be
My ſiſter ſtill——And thou, O parent, hear
This duteous vow——Mine eye ſhall never reſt,
'Till vengeance reach the cauſe of each misfortune
That waits thy hapleſs daughter———

LENA.

Kind in vain!
Let us no longer ſtain with idle tears
Theſe flowers that ſpring upon the honour'd duſt
Of Denmark's Princeſs.

LOTHER.

Let me then conduct thee

To ſome leſs gloomy ſcene, where grief collects not
Freſh horrors from congenial ſhades and ſilence.

LENA.

Leave me, good Prince! theſe melancholy bounds,
Theſe regions of forgetfulneſs and death
Are the fit walks of ſorrow—Do not now
The cares of war await thee?

LOTHER.

But to ſee,
And to embrace a ſiſter, never ſeen,
Never before embrac'd, I ſtole one moment
From the approaching battle—Valdemar
Already riots on revenge, and feeds
High dreams of victory, ſince Oſtan fell
Beneath his ſingle arm—Farewell my ſiſter!

Fear not that vengeance ſhall repay his rapine,
Live and encourage hope———

[*Takes up the dagger as he goes off.*

SCENE IV.

LENA.

Is Oſtan fall'n?
Ill-fated youth! I ſhould have griev'd for Oſtan,
Had not diſtreſs and terror ſteel'd my heart
To every ſoft affection——He was brave——
He lov'd his friend—He lov'd—Ah guilt and ruin!
Ill-fated youth to fall by Valdemar!
And glut his fell revenge! Yet may not I
Find the ſame horrid fate? No—Where's my friend,
Where is my father's gift? Tho' 'twere a dagger,
It was his daughter's portion——yet his ſon
Has robb'd her of it——But I muſt not loſe it.

[*Exit, in purſuit of Lother.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

BERINO, AVILDA.

BERINO.

This hour is pinion'd with the eagle's plume,
Danger and glory dwell upon it's wing,
And every new ſtroke wafts a ſacrifice,
To the fair ſhrine of honour—generous princeſs,
Whoſe favour is the glory of my life,
My ſoul's firſt pride and treaſure—ſay, what cauſe
Withholds me now from the united force
Of Denmark? Am I then unworthy deem'd,
Once a deſerter from my honour'd country,
To aid her arms, or join her juſt revenge?

AVILDA.

Forget, brave youth, what never would employ

One memory ſave your own—Care, only care
Of your diſtinguiſh'd life——Belov'd by Lother,
Eſteem'd by Aſmond, honour'd by Canute,
Avilda's friendſhip, following the regard
Of Denmark's princes would conſult your ſafety.

BERINO.

The blazing ſceptre, the high-waving plume
Of conquering valour, the full glow of joy
That flushes o'er the cheek of victory,
Have no charm equal to that tender care,
That condeſcending kindneſs———

AVILDA.

Then avoid
The fate of Oſtan; nor oppoſe thine arm
Singly againſt the ſword of Valdemar,
But wait the chance of battle———

BERINO.

Oſtan's fate!

AVILDA.

Is now determin'd———

BERINO.

By th' eternal gods,
It muſt not—ſhall not be—my friend, my friend,
My Oſtan is not fallen.

AVILDA.

Unwillingly
I'd bear unwelcome tidings, did not hope
That gentle pity might relieve the pain
Of wounded friendſhip—did not flattering hope
That I might ſooth it's anguiſh, and reſtrain
Th' incautious hand of ſelf-expos'd revenge,
Prevail o'er other motives———

BERINO.

BERINO.

Oh! Revenge!
Even now delay'd too long! Dear, fallen friend,
Doſt thou not now reproach me? Doſt thou not
With cold diſdain behold my loitering ſword,
And blaſt my tardy hand with all the curſes
That wait on broken faith? Princeſs farewell,
A few loſt moments more may take for ever
The means of vengeance from me.

AVILDA.

Loſt, indeed,
The moments you devote to me, and loſt
Thoſe cares and gentle offices of love,
Which idly hold you here.———

BERINO.

Sounds, ſounds of magic!

Enchantments! Dreams! Delude not my loſt ſenſes!
Love——Did not love——

AVILDA.

The word unguarded fell——
Yet were there magic in the ſound of power
Thy too impetuous valour to reſtrain,
And hold thee from the deathful field, perhaps
I would not now recall it.

BERINO.

Proſtrate ſee
That gratitude, which language cannot ſpeak!
The joy, the hope of long-extended days
Burſting in beams of tranſport on my ſoul,
It's feebler lights oppreſs——For ever here——
Here let me dwell, the willing ſlave of love,
No other paſſion ſhall diſpute the empire

Of

Of my devoted heart—No other gueſt,
Save friendſhip, find admittance, fair Avilda,
You will permit me ſtill to love my friend——
Permit, my Oſtan, while he lives, to ſhare
My due affection——

AVILDA.

Favourable error!
Would it might laſt!

BERINO.

Permit my Oſtan—Hah!
Horror and death! where has delirious fancy
With idle dreams ſeduc'd me—pale he lies—
My friend, my gallant friend, yet unreveng'd—
While I, in luxury of hope and love,
Conſume the vacant hour—O injur'd ſhade!
Neglected truth and honour!

SCENE VI.

AVILDA, BERINO, LOTHER.

LOTHER.

Valiant Chief!
Shall thy hand loiter, while thy bleeding country
Demands it's inſtant aid? The troops of Norway
With rapid fury preſs toward the palace.
Already have they broke the lines led on
By our brave Sovereign; who the ſhock ſuſtaining
With too adventurous and determin'd valour,
Beyond his weight of years, by cruel chance
Is now their priſoner——

AVILDA.

My aged father!

Ah

Ah wretched, loſt Avilda! 'Twas to thee—
To thee this fatal accident was owing,
When all miſplac'd thy fooliſh fears withheld
Berino from the battle; let me fly,
For guilt is in my preſence——

SCENE VII.

LOTHER, BERINO.

LOTHER.

More ſucceſsful,
The Prince, my father, leads his valiant Danes
Againſt the lines of Valdemar——To you
He gives the charge of thoſe receding troops
Firſt headed by the King—He bids you rally
The ſcatter'd force, and at the leaſt ſuſtain
The ſhew of ſome reſiſtance——

BERINO.

Am I worthy
Of ſuch diſtinguiſh'd honour—Coward ſhame,
Burn, burn not on my cheek—Prince I attend you.

SCENE VIII.

VALDEMAR, NORWEGIAN OFFICERS.

VALDEMAR.

Vengeance! O traitrous vengeance! thy own throne,
Thy temple was the heart of Valdemar——
There thou wert worſhip'd with unwearied prayer,
Yet, like a faithleſs Dæmon as thou art,
Haſt thou betray'd him—Curſe the frigid ſouls
Of thoſe Norwegian ſlaves, who baſely fled

Before the ſmooth-hair'd Dane—Firm as the pine
On their own blaſted mountains have they ſtood
When rapine urg'd their ſordid arms—but oh!
When great revenge, when wounded honour call'd,
How ſhrunk their daſtard ſouls! Now all is loſt!
And but one glimpſe of vengeance yet remains,
One curs'd dear hope to ſoothe my ſtormy ſoul!
Fly, ſearch, my friends, around theſe winding ſhades,
For here by ſure intelligence I find
The Queen of Norway's hid—if fortune yield
That fair, that faithleſs Dane once to my power,
Here, in this grove, whoſe ſacred horror ſhades
The Gods of Denmark; whoſe old arms ſurround
Her Father's palace, and defend the graves
Of all her Anceſtors, here ſhall ſhe fall——
Yet not 'till ſatiate with delightful inſult,
Ingenious vengeance wrings her tortur'd ſoul

With

With more than Death's own bitterneſs; nor then,
'Till fluſh'd with conqueſt, inſolent with triumph,
Th' unconſcious Aſmond ſhall return—By Thor,
By mighty Thor, the thought is worth my kingdom.
Oh! when elate with victory he comes,
Then, at that glorious hour, before his eyes,
Before her father's eyes, then will I plunge
My poynard to her heart; and o'er the body,
Say, with a ſmile, *Aſmond, behold thy daughter!*

OFFICER.

My royal Lord——

VALDEMAR.

Slave! haſt thou ſeen a Dane?
Art thou too a Norwegian? Coward fear
Dwells on thy cheek——

OFFICER.

OFFICER.

I've seen the Queen of Norway——

VALDEMAR.

And she has made thee tremble—in one moment
Let me behold her———

OFFICER.

She is——

VALDEMAR.

In one moment— { [*Officer departs and immediately returns with other officers, bringing the dead body of the Queen of Norway.*

She faints with fear——Support her———

OFFICER.

My dread Lord!

Near to the Queen we found this dagger red
With recent ſtains—More of her death we know not.

VALDEMAR.

Diſtraction! death! off execrable ſlaves!
By Earth, and Heaven and Hell ſhe ſhall not die—
O fled, fled, fled from my revenge—now fortune,
Now I will curſe thee; and thou feeble Odin,
Thou helpleſs founder of my wretched race,
O for the lightning's ſwifteſt beam to blaſt thee
On thy diſhonour'd throne!

SCENE IX.

VALDEMAR, ASMOND.

[*Attended by Daniſh ſoldiers who ſeize and carry off the attendants of Valdemar.*

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

Oh! yes, 'tis o'er———

There the poor victim lies—ill-fated child,

Farewell!

VALDEMAR.

Perdition on thy heart! thy child!

'Tis true the traitreſs was thy child—She was—

And worthy ſuch a father—but I hop'd

That information which would rend thy ſoul,

Might be reſerv'd for me———

ASMOND.

Norwegian! Hah!

Audacious foe, who art thou——

VALDEMAR.

Thou wilt die

With fear to know———

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

The King of Norway—no——
Tho' all the ſtorm-nurs'd ſavages that range
O'er thy wild hills, and howl for human blood;
Tho' the dark fiends, that ſhake the reeling earth
And breathe blue peſtilence; tho' Hell itſelf
Holds not a heart ſo horrid, I rejoice
To meet thee here———

VALDEMAR.

Aſmond, behold thy daughter!

ASMOND.

[*Beckoning to his attendants to remove the body of Lena.*

Thy power of villainy is ſpent, but tell me
If by thy curſed hand the victim fell——

VALDEMAR.

That I could wiſh to tell thee——

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

'Tis enough——
For the baſe motives of thy helliſh rapine
I aſk thee not———

VALDEMAR.

And, therefore, thou ſhalt know them—
In the records of Norway ſtill ſubſiſts
An ancient prophecy, that when her Monarch
Eſpous'd the daughter of a Prince of Denmark
The crowns ſhould be united—Endleſs diſcord
Between the rival kingdoms ſtill prevented
A friendly contract—but whate'er my means,
Ambition was my motive—Great ambition
To reign o'er thee and Denmark—Yet thou prophet,
Thou falſe, inſidious prophet! could I find
Thy execrable duſt—the rapid winds
Should rend each ſleeping atom!——

ASMOND.

ASMOND.

Falſe he was not——

Henceforth the Crowns of Denmark and of Norway

Shall be united—Wouldſt thou not be witneſs

To that event? then render to my ſword

The life thou long haſt ow'd it——

VALDEMAR.

[*Draws: they fight: Valdemar falls.*

Gods of Norway!

Am I prevented?

ASMOND.

The ſure hand of juſtice

Has ſped the blow, and I am ſatisfied.

SCENE

SCENE X.

CANUTE, ASMOND, LOTHER, BERINO.

ASMOND.

My royal father too return'd in ſafety!
The Gods are gracious.

CANUTE.

Are theſe ſacred ſhades
Defil'd with ſlaughter? Or is this the body
Of ſome brave friend?

ASMOND.

'Twas once the King of Norway——

CANUTE.

Ha!

ASMOND.

Here he hop'd to find the hapleſs Lena,
And glut his ſavage vengeance, but in death
She firſt had taken refuge—To my ſword
He yields—this moment, yields his forfeit life.

CANUTE.

Tho' 'twas thy due, I envy thee the blow,
By which the ruffian fell.—At laſt, my ſon,
Our conqueſt is complete—and tho' 'tis bought
With one devoted life of Denmark's race,
More laſting peace will follow—Norway's now
A province of our own: for the whole force
Of Valdemar was ſpent in this invaſion.
Much honour, many thanks, my gallant ſons,
Await your valiant deeds; and this brave Chief,
Whoſe timely aid and animating ſpirit

Recall'd

Recall'd the ſcatter'd troops, and reſcued me
From ſhort captivity—What meed is due
To ſuch diſtinguiſh'd worth?

ASMOND.

Might I determine——
Make him your viceroy on the throne of Norway,
And let the fair Avilda, whoſe affection
He long hath won, be his aſſociate there.

CANUTE.

Thou art a liberal giver, but thy bounty
I will not now reſtrain.

BERINO.

O let me offer
My trueſt, humbleſt duty!

LOTHER.

Be it mine
To bear the grateful meſſage to Avilda!
Be Lother's meed to make, or to behold
The happineſs of others!

CANUTE.

Thou, my Aſmond,
Alone, art to be pitied—Had Misfortune,
With all her train, purſued thy hapleſs offspring,
She might have been preſerv'd—but guilt prevented:
THE STINGS OF GUILT WOUND DEEPER THAN MISFORTUNE.
Yet let the merits of thy own good heart
Defend thee from diſtreſs—the ſhield of Virtue
Alike ſhould ſave the boſom that it ſhades
From inward ſufferings and from outward evils.

THE END.

TRANSLATIONS.

THE

DEATH OF ADONIS.

From the GREEK of BION*.

MDCCLIX.

ADONIS dead, the muſe of woe ſhall mourn;
ADONIS dead, the weeping loves return.
The queen of beauty o'er his tomb ſhall ſhed
Her flowing ſorrows for ADONIS dead;

* Bion, the paſtoral poet, lived in the time of Ptolemy Philadelphus. By the epithet Σμυρναῖος, every where applied to him, it is probable that he was born at Smyrna. Moſchus confirms this, when he ſays to the river Meles, which had before wept for Homer,

——— Νυν παλιν αλλον
Υιεα δακρυεις ———

It is evident however that he ſpent much of his time in Sicily. Moſchus, as he tells us, was his ſcholar; and by him we are inform'd, that his maſter was not a poor poet. "Thou haſt left to others thy riches, ſays he, but to me thy poetry." It appears from the ſame author, that he died by poiſon. The beſt edition of his works, is that of Paris, by M. de Longe-Pierre, with a French tranſlation.

For Earth's cold lap her velvet couch forego,
And robes of purple for the weeds of woe.
ADONIS dead, the muſe of woe ſhall mourn.
ADONIS dead, the weeping loves return.

ADONIS *dead*, &c.] ADONIS, the favourite of Venus, was the ſon of Cynaras, king of Cyprus. His chief employment was hunting, tho' he is repreſented by Virgil as a ſhepherd,

Oves ad Flumina pavit Adonis.

He was killed by a wild boar, if we may believe Propertius, in Cyprus.

—— *Percuſſit Adonim*
Venantem idalio vertice durus Aper.

The anniverſary of his death was celebrated through the whole Pagan world. Ariſtophanes, in his Comedy of Peace, reckons the feaſt of Adonis among the chief feſtivals of the Athenians. The Syrians obſerved it with all the violence of grief, and the greateſt cruelty of ſelf-caſtigation. It was celebrated at Alexandria in St. Cyril's time; and when Julian, the Apoſtate, made his entry at Antioch, in the year 362, they were celebrating the feaſt of Adonis.

The ancients differ greatly in their accounts of this divinity. Athenæus ſays, that he was the favourite of Bacchus. Plutarch maintains, that he and Bacchus are the ſame, and that the Jews abſtain'd from ſwine's fleſh becauſe Adonis was killed by a boar. Auſonius, Epig. 30. affirms that Bacchus, Oſiris, and Adonis are one and the ſame.

Stretch'd

Stretch'd on this mountain thy torn lover lies.
Weep, queen of beauty! for he bleeds—he dies.
Ah! yet behold life's laſt drops faintly flow,
In ſtreams of purple, o'er thoſe limbs of ſnow!
From the pale cheek the periſh'd roſes fly;
And death dims ſlow the ghaſtly-gazing eye.
Kiſs, kiſs thoſe fading lips, ere chill'd in death;
With ſoothing fondneſs ſtay the fleeting breath.
'Tis vain—ah! give the ſoothing fondneſs o'er!
ADONIS feels the warm ſalute no more.
ADONIS dead, the muſe of woe ſhall mourn.
ADONIS dead, the weeping loves return.
His faithful dogs bewail their maſter ſlain,
And mourning dryads pour the plaintive ſtrain.

Not

His faithful dogs, &c.—*The queen of beauty*, &c.] The lines in the original run thus:

Ἄγριον ἄγριον ἔλκε· ἔχει κατὰ μήρον Ἄδωνις.
Μεῖζον δ' ἁ Κυθέρεια φερέι ποτικάρδιον ἕλκος·
Κεῖνον μὲν περὶ παῖδα φίλοι κύνες ὤρυσαντο,
Καὶ Νύμφαι κλαίουσιν ὀρειάδες.

The

Not the fair youth alone the wound oppreſt,
The queen of beauty bears it in her breaſt.
Her feet unſandal'd, floating wild her hair,
Her aſpect woeful, and her boſom bare,
Diſtreſt, ſhe wanders the wild waſtes forlorn,
Her ſacred limbs by ruthleſs brambles torn.
Loud as ſhe grieves, ſurrounding rocks complain,
And echo thro' the long vales calls her abſent ſwain.
ADONIS hears not: Life's laſt drops fall ſlow,
In ſtreams of purple, down his limbs of ſnow.
The weeping Cupids round their queen deplore,
And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.

The two firſt of theſe lines contain a kind of witticiſm, which it was better to avoid.——This author had, however, too much true genius to be fond of theſe little affected turns of expreſſion, which Muſæus and others have been induſtrious to ſtrike out.

Theſe four verſes are tranſpoſed in the tranſlation for the ſake of the connection.

Diſtreſt, ſhe wanders, &c.] This image of the ſorrow of Venus is very affecting, and is introduced in this place with great beauty and propriety. Indeed, moſt modern poets ſeem to have obſerved it, and have profited by it in their ſcenes of elegiac woe.

Each

Each rival grace, that glow'd with conſcious pride,
Each charm of Venus with ADONIS dy'd.

ADONIS dead, the vocal hills bemoan,
And hollow groves return the ſaddening groan.
The ſwelling floods with ſea-born Venus weep,
And roll in mournful murmurs to the deep:
In melting tears the mountain-ſprings comply;
The flow'rs, low-drooping, bluſh with grief, and die.

The ſwelling floods, &c.] When the poet makes the rivers mourn for Venus, he very properly calls her Αφροδίτα; but this propriety perhaps was merely accidental, as he has given her the ſame appellation when ſhe wanders the deſart.

The flow'rs, low-drooping, bluſh, &c.]

Ανθεα δ' ἐξ ὀδυνας ἐρυθραινεται. ———

Paleneſs being the known effect of grief, we do not at firſt ſight accept this expreſſion; but when we conſider that the firſt emotions of it are attended with bluſhes, we are pleaſed with the obſervation.

Cythera's

Cythera's groves with ſtrains of ſorrow ring;
The dirge funereal her ſad cities ſing.
Hark! pitying echoes Venus' ſighs return;
When Venus ſighs, can aught forbear to mourn?

But when ſhe ſaw her fainting lover lie,
The wide wound gaping on the withering thigh;
But ſtreaming when ſhe ſaw Life's purple tide,
Stretch'd her fair arms, with trembling voice ſhe cry'd:
Yet ſtay, lov'd youth! a moment ere we part,
O let me kiſs thee!—hold thee to my heart!

Cythera's groves, &c.]

ἃ δὲ Κυθήρη
Πάντας ἀνα ναμοὺς καὶ ἀνα πόλιν οἰκτρὸν ἀείδει.

This paſſage the ſcholiaſts have entirely miſunderſtood. They make Κυθήρη *Venus*, for which they have neither any authority, the Doric name ſhe borrows from that iſland being always Κυθερεία, nor the leaſt probability from the connection.

This proves that the iſland Cythera was the place where Adonis periſh'd, notwithſtanding the opinion of Propertius and others to the contrary.

A little moment, dear ADONIS! ſtay!
And kiſs thy Venus, ere thoſe lips are clay.
Let thoſe dear lips by mine once more be preſt,
'Till thy laſt breath expire into my breaſt;
Then, when life's ebbing pulſe ſcarce ſcarce can move,
I'll catch thy ſoul, and drink thy dying love.
That laſt-left pledge ſhall ſooth my tortur'd breaſt,
When thou art gone ———
When, far from me, thy gentle ghoſt explores
Infernal Pluto's grimly-glooming ſhores.

Wretch that I am! immortal and divine,
In life impriſon'd whom the fates confine.
He comes! receive him to thine Iron-arms;
Bleſt queen of death! receive the prince of charms.
Far happier thou, to whoſe wide realms repair
Whatever lovely, and whatever fair.

The

The ſmiles of joy, the golden hours are fled:
Grief, only grief, ſurvives ADONIS dead.

The loves around in idle ſorrow ſtand,
And the dim torch falls from the vacant hand.
Hence the vain zone! the myrtle's flow'ry pride!
Delight and beauty with ADONIS died.

Why didſt thou, vent'rous, the wild chace explore,
From his dark lair to rouze the tuſky boar?
Far other ſport might thoſe fair limbs eſſay,
Than the rude combat, or the ſavage fray.

Thus Venus griev'd——the Cupids round deplore;
And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.
Now flowing tears in ſilent grief complain,
Mix with the purple ſtreams, and flood the plain.
Yet not in vain thoſe ſacred drops ſhall flow,
The purple ſtreams in bluſhing roſes glow:

And catching life from ev'ry falling tear,
Their azure heads anemonies ſhall rear.

But ceaſe in vain to cheriſh dire deſpair,
Nor mourn unpitied to the mountain-air,
The laſt ſad office let thy hand ſupply,
Stretch the ſtiff limbs, and cloſe the glaring eye.
That form repos'd beneath the bridal veſt,
May cheat thy ſorrows with the feint of reſt.
For lovely ſmile thoſe lips, tho' void of breath,
And fair thoſe features in the ſhade of death.
Haſte, fill with flow'rs, with roſy wreaths his bed.
Periſh the flow'rs! the Prince of beauty's dead.
Round the pale corſe each breathing eſſence ſtrew,
Let weeping myrtles pour their balmy dew.
Periſh the balms, unable to reſtore
Thoſe vital ſweets of love that charm no more!

'Tis

'Tis done.——Behold, with purple robes array'd,
In mournful ſtate the clay-cold limbs are laid.
The loves lament with all the rage of woe,
Stamp on the dart, and break the uſeleſs bow.
Officious theſe the watry urn ſupply,
Unbind the buſkin'd leg, and waſh the bleeding thigh.
O'er the pale body thoſe their light wings wave,
As yet, tho' vain, ſolicitous to ſave.

All, wild with grief, their hapleſs queen deplore,
And mourn her beauty, and her love no more.
Dejected hymen droops his head forlorn,
His torch extinct, and flow'ry treſſes torn:
For nuptial airs, and ſongs of joy, remain
The ſad, ſlow dirge, the ſorrow-breathing ſtrain.
Who wou'd not, when ADONIS dies, deplore?
Who wou'd not weep when Hymen ſmiles no more?

The graces mourn the prince of beauty ſlain,
Loud as Dione on her native main:
The fates relenting join the general woe,
And call the lover from the realms below.
Vain, hopeleſs grief! can living ſounds pervade
The dark, dead regions of eternal ſhade?
Spare, Venus, ſpare that too luxuriant tear
For the long ſorrows of the mournful year.

For the long, &c.] Numa ſeems to have borrow'd the cuſtom he inſtituted of mourning a year for the deceaſed from the Greeks. For though it is ſaid only ten months were ſet apart, yet ten months were the year of Romulus till regulated by his ſucceſſor.

EXTRAIT D'UNE ODE SUR LA MEDIOCRITE.

PAR M. GRESSET.

SEDUITS par d'aveugles idoles
Du Bonheur ; fantomes frivoles,
Le vulgaire & les grands ne te ſuivirent pas :
Tu n' eus pour ſujets que ſes ſages
Qui doivent l'eſtime des âges
A la ſageſſe, acquiſe en marchant ſur tes pas.

Tu vis naître dans tes Retraites
Ces nobles et tendres poëtes,
Dont la voix n'eut jamais forme de ſons brillans,
Si le fracas de la fortune
Ou ſi indigence importune
Eût troublé leur ſilence, ou cachè leurs talens.

Mais

THE HAPPINESS OF A MODERATE FORTUNE AND MODERATE DESIRES.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MR. GRESSET.

WRITTEN IN MDCCLX.

O GODDESS of the golden mean,
Whom ſtill misjudging folly flies,
Seduc'd by each deluſive ſcene;
Thy only ſubjects are the wiſe.
Theſe ſeek thy paths with nobler aim,
And trace them to the gates of Fame.

See foſter'd in thy fav'ring ſhade,
Each tender bard of verſe divine!
Who, lur'd by fortune's vain parade,
Had never form'd the tuneful line;
By fortune lur'd or want confin'd,
Whoſe cold hand chills the genial mind.

Mais en vain tu fuyois la gloire :
La renommé, et la victoire
Vinrent dans tes dèserts se choisir des héros,
Mieux formés par tes loix stoïques,
Aux vertus, aux faits hèroïques
Que parmi la molesse, et l'orgueil des faisceaux.

Pour Mars tu formois, loin des villes
Les FABRICES, et les CAMILLES,
Et ses sages vainqueurs, philosophes guerriers
Qui, du char de la Dictature
Descendant a l'agriculture,
Sur tes secrets autels rapportoient leurs lauriers.

Trop heureux, Déïte paisible,
Le mortel sagement sensible,
Qui jamais loin de toi a portè ses desirs,
Par sa douce mélancholie,
Sauvé de l'humaine folie,
Dans la vérité seul il cherche ses plaisirs.

In vain you ſlight the flowery crown,
That fame wreathes round the favour'd head!
Whilſt laurell'd victory and renown
Their heroes from thy ſhades have led;
There form'd, from courtly ſoftneſs free,
By rigid virtue and by thee.

By thee were form'd, from cities far,
Fabricius juſt, Camillus wiſe,
Thoſe philoſophic ſons of war,
That from imperial dignities
Returning, plough'd their native plain,
And plac'd their laurels in thy fane.

Thrice happy he, on whoſe calm breaſt
The ſmiles of peaceful wiſdom play,
With all thy ſober charms poſſeſt,
Whoſe wiſhes never learnt to ſtray.
Whom truth, of pleaſures pure but grave,
And penſive thoughts from folly ſave.

Ignoré de la multitude,
Libre de tout ſervitude,
Il n'envia jamais, les grands biens, les grand noms,
Il n'ignore point que la foudre
A plus ſouvent réduit en poudre
Le pin de monts altiers, que l'ormeau des valons

Sourd aux cenſures populaires,
Il ne craint point les yeux vulgaires,
Son œil perce au-delâ de leur foible horiſon :
Quelques bruits que la foule en ſéme,
Il eſt ſatisfait de lui même,
S'il a ſçû meriter l'aveu de la raiſon.

Il rit du ſort, quand les conquêtes
Promenent de têtes en têtes
Les couronnes du nord, ou celles du midi :
Rien n'altère ſa paix profonde,
Et les derniers inſtans du monde
N'epouvanteroient point ſon cœur encor hardi.

Far from the crowd's low-thoughted ſtrife,
From all that bounds fair freedom's aim,
He envies not the pomp of life,
A length of rent-roll, or of name:
For ſafe he views the vale-grown elm,
While thunder-ſounding ſtorms the mountain pine o'erwhelm.

Of cenſure's frown he feels no dread,
No fear he knows of vulgar eyes,
Whoſe thought, to nobler objects led,
Far, far o'er their horizon flies:
With reaſon's ſuffrage at his ſide,
Whoſe firm heart reſts ſelf-ſatisfied.

And while alternate conqueſt ſways
The northern, or the ſouthern ſhore,
He ſmiles at Fortune's giddy maze,
And calmly hears the wild ſtorm roar.
Ev'n Nature's groans, unmov'd with fear,
And burſting worlds he'd calmly hear.

Amitié, charmante immortelle,
Tu choisis à ſi cœur fidèle
Peu d'amis mais conſtans, vertueux comme lui ;
Tu ne crains point que le caprice,
Que l'intérêt les déſuniſſe,
Ou verſe ſur leurs jours les poiſons de l'ennui.

Ami des frugales demeures,
Sommeil pendant les ſombres heures,
Tu repans ſur ſes yeux tes ſonges favoris ;
Ecartant ces ſonges funébres
Qui, parmi l'effroi des tènèbres,
Vont reveiller les grands ſous les riches lam bris.

C'eſt pour ce bonheur lègitime
Que le modeſte ABDOLONYME
N'acceptoit qu'à regret le ſceptre de Sidon :
Plus libre dans un ſort champêtre,
Et plus heureux qu'il ne ſcût l'être
Sur le trône eclatant des ayeux de DIDON.

C'eſt

Such are the faithful hearts you love,
O FRIENDSHIP fair, immortal maid;
The few *caprice* could never move,
The few whom *intereſt* never ſway'd;
Nor ſhed unſeen, with hate refin'd,
The pale cares o'er the gloomy mind.

Soft ſleep, that lov'ſt the peaceful cell,
On theſe deſcends thy balmy power;
While no terrific dreams diſpell
The ſlumbers of the ſober hour;
Which oft, array'd in darkneſs drear,
Wake the wild eye of pride to fear.

Content with all a farm would yield,
Thus SIDON's monarch liv'd unknown,
And ſigh'd to leave his little field,
For the long glories of a throne——
There once more happy and more free,
Than rank'd with DIDO's anceſtry.

With

C'eſt par ces vertus pacifiques
Par ces plaiſirs philoſophiquet
Que tu ſcais, cher R***, remplir d'utiles jours,
Dans ce Tivoli ſolitaire,
Oú le CHER de ſon onde claire
Vient a l'aimable LOIRE aſſocier le cours.

Fidèle á ce ſage ſiſtême,
Là, dans l'étude de toi-même,
Chaque ſoleil te voit occuper tes loiſirs ;
Dans le brillant fracas du monde,
Ton nom, ta probité profonde
T'eut donné plus d'eclat, mais moins de vrais plaiſirs.

With theſe pacific virtues bleſt,
  Theſe charms of philoſophic eaſe,
Wrapt in your RICHMOND's tranquil reſt,
  You paſs, dear C——, your uſeful days.
Where THAMES your ſilent vallies laves,
Proud of his yet untainted waves.

Should life's more public ſcenes engage
  Your time that thus conſiſtent flows,
And following ſtill theſe maxims ſage
  For ever brings the ſame repoſe;
Your worth may greater fame procure,
But hope not happineſs ſo pure.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

PETRARCH.

SONETTO CLXXIX.

IN nobil ſangue vita umile e queta,
Ed in alto intelletto un puro core;
Frutto ſenile in ſul giovenil fiori,
E'n aſpetto penſoſo anima lieta,
Raccolto ha 'n queſta Donna 'l ſuo pianeta,
Anzi 'l re delle ſtelle; e 'l vero onore,
Le degne lode, e 'l gran pregio, e 'l valore,
Ch' è da ſtancar ogni divin poeta.
Amor s' è in lei con oneſtate aggiunto;
Con Beltà naturale abito adorno;
Ed un atto, che parla con ſilenzio;
E non ſo, che negli occhi, che 'n un punto
Può far chiara la notte, oſcuro il giorno,
E 'l mel amaro, ed addolcir l' aſſenzio.

SONNET CLXXIX.

MDCCLXV.

THO' nobly born, to humble life reſign'd;
The pureſt heart, the moſt enlighten'd mind;
A vernal flower that bears the fruits of age!
A chearful ſpirit, with an aſpect ſage,——
The power that rules the planetary train
To her has given, nor ſhall his gifts be vain.
But on her worth, her various praiſe to dwell,
The truth, the merits of her life to tell,
The muſe herſelf would own the taſk too hard,
Too great the labour for the happieſt bard.
Dreſs that derives from native beauty grace,
And love that holds with honeſty his place;
Action that ſpeaks—and eyes whoſe piercing ray
Might kindle darkneſs, or obſcure the day!

* * * * * * * * *

SONNET

SONETTO CCLXXIX.

ROTTA è l' alta colonna, e'l verde lauro,
Che facean ombra al mio ſtanco penſero:
Perdut' ho quel, che ritrovar non ſpero
Dal Borea all' Auſtro, O dal Mar Indo al Mauro,
Tolto m'hai, morte, il mio doppio Teſauro,
Che mi fea viver lieto, e gire altero;
E riſtorar nol può terra, nè impero,
Nè gemma oriental, nè forza d'auro,
Ma ſe conſentimento è di deſtino;
Che poſs' io più, ſe no aver l' alma triſta;
Umidi gli occhi ſempre, e'l viſo chino?
O noſtra vita, ch' è sì bella in viſta;
Com' per de agevolmente in un mattino
Quel, che 'n molt' anni a gran pena s'aquiſta!

SONNET.

MDCCLXV.

FALL'N the fair column, blaſted is the bay,
That ſhaded once my ſolitary ſhore!
I've loſt what hope can never give me more,
Tho' ſought from Indus to the cloſing day.
My twofold treaſure death has ſnatch'd away,
My pride, my pleaſure left me to deplore;
What fields far-cultur'd, nor imperial ſway,
Nor orient gold, nor jewels can reſtore.
O deſtiny ſevere of human kind!
What portion have we unbedew'd with tears?
The downcaſt viſage, and the penſive mind
Thro' the thin veil of ſmiling life appears;
And in one moment vaniſh into wind
The hard-earn'd fruits of long, laborious years.

SONETTO CCLVII.

OV' è la fronte, che con picciol Cenno
Volgea 'l mio core in queſta parte, e' n quella ?
Ov' é 'l bel ciglio, e l' una, e l' altra ſtella
Ch' al corſo di mio viver lume denno ?
Ov' è 'l valor, la conoſcenza, e 'l ſenno,
L' accorta, oneſta, umil, dolce favella ?
Ove ſon le bellezze accolte in ella,
Che gran tempo di me lor voglia fenno ?
Ov' è l'ombra gentil del viſo humano ;
Ch' ora e ripoſo dava all' alma ſtanca,
E là, 've e miei penſier ſcritti eran tutti ?
Ov' e' colei, che mia vita ebbe in mano ?
Quanto al miſero mondo, e quanto manca
A gli occhi miei ! che mai non ſieno aſciutti.

SONNET CCLVII.

MDCCLXV.

WHERE is that face, whoſe ſlighteſt air could move
My trembling heart, and ſtrike the ſprings of love?
That Heaven, where two fair ſtars, with genial ray,
Shed their kind influence on my life's dim way?
Where are that ſcience, ſenſe and worth confeſt,
That ſpeech by virtue, by the graces dreſt?
Where are thoſe beauties, where thoſe charms combin'd,
That caus'd this long captivity of mind?
Where the dear ſhade of all that once was fair,
The ſource, the ſolace of each amorous care;
My heart's ſole ſovereign, nature's only boaſt?
——Loſt to the world, to me for ever loſt!

SONETTO CCXXXVIII.

SE lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde
Mover ſoavemente all aura eſtiva,
O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
S' ode d' una fiorita e freſca riva;
Là, 'v 'io ſeggia d' amor penſoſo, e ſcriva;
Lei che 'l ciel ne moſtrò, terra n' aſconde,
Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo: ch' ancor viva
Di sì lontano a' ſoſpir miei riſponde.
Deh, perchè inanzi tempo ti conſume?
Mi dice con pietate: a che pur verſi
Degli occhi triſti un doloroſo fiume?
Di me non pianger tu, che miei dè ferſi,
Morendo, eterni, e nell 'eterno lume,
Quando moſtrai di chiuder gli occhi aperſi.

SONNET CCXXXVIII.

MDCCLXV.

WAIL'D the ſweet warbler to the lonely ſhade;
Trembled the green leaf to the ſummer gale;
Fell the fair ſtream in murmurs down the dale,
It's banks, it's flowery banks with verdure ſpread,
Where, by the charm of penſive Fancy led,
All as I fram'd the love-lamenting tale,
Came the dear object whom I ſtill bewail,
Came from the regions of the chearleſs dead:
And why, ſhe cried, untimely wilt thou die?
Ah why, for pity, ſhall thoſe mournful tears,
Start in wild ſorrow from that languid eye?
Cheriſh no more thoſe viſionary fears,
For me, who range yon light-inveſted ſky!
For me, who triumph in eternal years!

FINIS.

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